Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 19, 1956 20 CENTS



Before you buy a color tv, be sure you give it The Face Test.

There's a funny thing about the human face. Its subtle colors are the hardest thing for a color tv to reproduce accurately. That's why Philco proposes The Face Test.

Take a close look at the faces on a color tv before you buy it. If you see good, lifelike flesh tones, you know that set can get any colors right.

Philco Color TV is specially designed to give good skin color. Our low-demodulation circuit in all big-screen models produces a wider range of the colors that make up flesh tones. This makes it easier to adjust them accurately. The faces don't jump to violent red or green the moment you touch the tint control.

Philco also has an exclusive tuning system. It makes sure you get the proper color signal on all channels. Even in fringe areas. And we have a special control which lets you adjust the picture as sharp or as soft as you like.

Don't buy a color tv till you've given it The Face Test. After all, faces are what you'll be looking at most after you've bought it.

PHILCO Ford

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER



Philco gets the faces right. The rest is easy.

Simulated tv picture

Philco-Ford Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. 19134

'Jeep' Tracks.



8" of new powder...no problem for 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive!

The skiing's great but the roads are a mess. Who cares? Not 'Jeep' owners. 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive was made for this kind of stuff! Flip one simple lever you've got twice the traction in snow and unplowed roads. Twice the "grip" on ice. You won't worry about getting stuck. And this 'Jeep' Wagoneer also has chair-height seats, and "picture window" visibility...you drive with confidence you just don't have in ordinary wagons. All the options you expect, plus a surprising 91 cubic feet of cargo space. Tows trailers up to 5000 lbs. Take your own private ski lodge right up to the slopes!

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION

'Jeepster Commando' is a trademark of vehicles made by and only by KAISER Jeep CORPORATION



Go ahead...make your own roads! Don't let this 'Jeepster Commando' Station Wagon fool you. You'll plow through snow hubcap deep but you'll look great, driving up to the ski lodge! Bucket seats, 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive standard. Optional V-6 with or without automatic transmission, power brakes. Four 'Jeepster Commando' models.



Sporty "toughie"! The snazzy 4-wheel drive 'Jeepster' Convertible looks like a sports car but it's tougher than competitive 4-wheelers. Frame is welded and riveted, for extra strength. Optional V-6 packs more power than its nearest competitor's V-8!

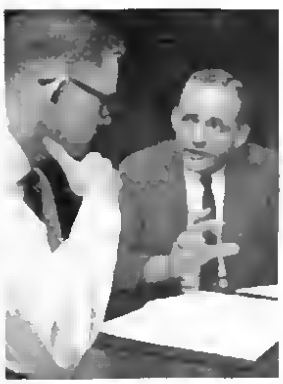
World's first, finest, and most complete 4-wheel drive family.

'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer.

Harmannus van Bergen heads the Bell Foundry in Greenwood, S C , which casts and sells musical bells and carillons.



"Disability income insurance? That's out! My bell business would pay my income."



Harmannus van Bergen talks it over with MONY man John Grier, CLU

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"But John certainly opened my eyes. He pointed out that without me the income from my business might well fall off to virtually nothing. That Peggy could only go back to work at the expense of our child's care. He made me realize that accidents and sickness could happen to anyone at any age, and that the time to buy was when youth and good health insured my getting a policy inexpensively.

"He even arranged an easy way to pay premiums called 'MONY-matic.' I hardly feel the payments at all. But I sure feel a lot more secure knowing my family can get an income if I'm disabled and can't work. I'm grateful to John and MONY."

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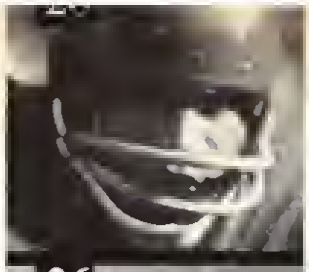
1843-1968 125 years

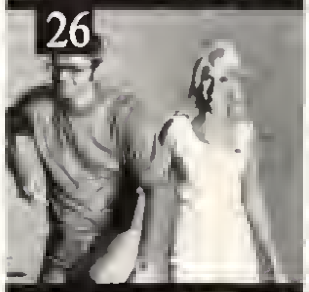
The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York

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Cover photograph by Elliott Erwitt















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Credits on page 111

Next week

A WAVE OF INJURIES in pro football has put substitutes into the spotlight this year. Tex Maule discusses the effect these replacements are having on the NFL and AFL division races.

WHEN IN ROME Lee Trevino and Julius Boros, representing the U.S., will try to defend the World Cup at the Olgiata golf course Dan Jenkins reports on their adventures.

WATERFOWL funnel into the Mississippi Delta from all three flyways to make this vast bog the best shooting area on the continent Artist Frank Golden captures memorable scenes

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The last most of us heard of Skier Jean-Claude Killy, he was winning everything in sight. He mined Grenoble for a remarkable three gold medals and won two straight World Cups (one with a perfect score). In 1967 he took 16 of 20 races and was the FIS world ski champion in Portillo in 1966.

This year Jean-Claude turned professional, a conversion he managed with as much ease as if he had always been one. Under the facile guidance of Manager Mark McCormack (handler of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus), Killy ever since has been schussing through a hail of new-minted gold—about $2 million worth of contracts for the next three years. For *Ladies' Home Journal*, Killy will model ski clothes and do a series of bylined articles. He will write a National Newspaper Syndicate column which is expected to appear in 150 to 200 papers. He also is under contract as *Skiing* magazine's racing director.

As a ski-design consultant, Killy is working for Head Ski Co., helping create a new line, which may reach the public next season. Clairol will merchandise a Killy Skin Conditioner Series for men, "a line for young people in the Killy image: young, athletic, adept, tough and very outdoorsy." Lange Boots employed Killy with his size 9 (wide) feet as technical consultant for their plastic competition boot. Norski is marketing Killy nylon sunglasses and molded plastic "360°-vision" Killy goggles and another pair with aerodynamic vents. Mighty-Mac Killy ski jackets "will truly represent the greatness of this man through the kind of apparel he would need in his activity."

But Killy has been busiest of all for General Motors. On behalf of all Chevrolet products, he has filmed two television properties. One, an hour-long biography to be titled *Killy le Champion*, has Killy water skiing on Lake Mead, discothèqueing at Nepentha in New York, bicycling in Central Park, surfing in the Pacific, bullfighting in southern France, sky diving in California and jockeying a dune buggy around Nevada. The other, a series of 13 half-hour shows featuring Jean-Claude skiing around the world with pretty girls, has already sent Killy as far away as Australia and New Zealand, where he skied the Tasman Glacier.

Recently SI caught Killy hiding out at his home mountain. Killy intimated he sometimes thinks he would like to stay right there at Val d'Isère and let the outer world get along with fewer radiations of charisma. He also admitted that after a week or two he might miss the excitement, if not the money.

Seizing him in this second mood, we prevailed upon him to write the first bylined article to appear under his name since his skiing successes of 1967-68. This account of how you too can have The Killy Style begins on page 50.

"For a long time people said that I skied as if I were recovering from disaster," Killy says. In fact, some observers have implied, he looks about to tumble down the mountain, snowballing into a great white sphere with arms, legs, poles and skis sticking out at random angles. Actually, Killy's style, far from being a mere personal idiosyncrasy, is based on sound principles and is now being widely imitated. We believed you would think Killy himself the one best able to explain how to do it. He does just that in this issue.



KILLY ON THE WATER AT LAKE MEAD

Gary Valk

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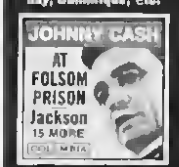
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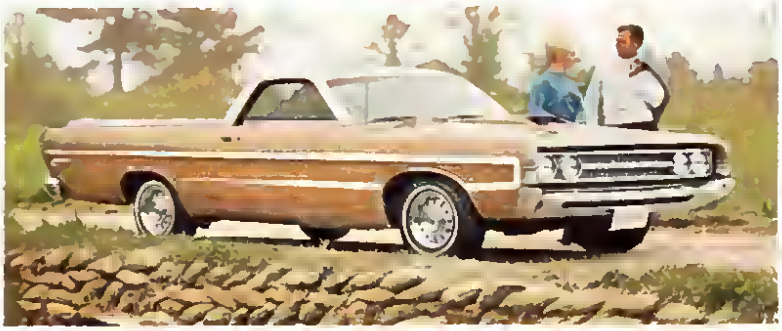
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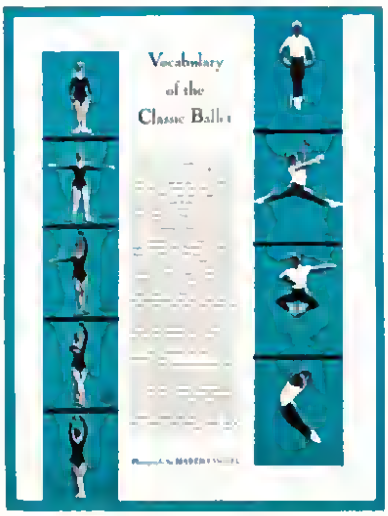
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SCORECARD

NEW LEASE ON BOXING?

It has been a long time since anyone let any organizational fresh air into boxing, but suddenly such a thing is conceivable. Amateur boxing (remember George Foreman waving the American flag?) might go big time.

This week, at the behest of AAU Executive Director and International Boxing Federation President Colonel Don Hull, promoter Bill King of Louisville is completing plans for a series of international, Olympic-style team boxing matches to be staged around the country in '69 and renewed annually. Tentative arrangements, discussed with various nations' representatives in Mexico City, call for a U.S. team to meet Russia in New York in March and then perhaps to fight West Germany in Louisville (there are a good many German-American families in the Louisville-Cincinnati area). A U.S.-Mexico match is likely to be held in Los Angeles, and King says he also has commitments from Poland, France, Italy and England.

The organizers see the series as good experience for U.S. amateurs, at least and they have their eyes on television. King, who has been promoting professional boxing for 15 years, says, "Pro boxing is dead as a television attraction, because of so many scandals. Sponsors have dropped it like a hot potato. But here we have the best amateurs, no hoodlums. All three-round packages of action —no long, drawn-out 15-round waltzes. Sponsors should grab for it, and the AAU should make enough money to promote amateur boxing on a high level all over the country." King even foresees an international championship tournament every year.

It is all rather visionary, but a good many American viewers have now enjoyed Olympic boxing, Pappy Gault is a celebrity, and the present state of the sport in the U.S. leaves an unquestionable vacuum. Might amateur boxing attain the status that amateur tennis has enjoyed? Might it even provide enough competition to keep—or make—professional boxing honest? We'd like to see it happen.

TAKES YOU BACK

A freshman outfielder on the University of New Mexico baseball team frequently received a ripple of applause when his name was announced at games this fall. It may have been a tribute to his batting average, which was .425. But probably it was his name: George Ruth.

THE KUSNER CASE

"Horses will run for her, I'm certain of that," says racing authority Humphrey Finney. The question remains whether other jockeys will ride against her.

"She has a beautiful seat," Finney goes on gallantly, "and balance, and fine, sensitive hands like Willie Shoemaker's that mean so much to a horse's mouth. And we know she has nerve." She—Olympic equestrienne Kathy Kusner—had the nerve to win in court (SCORECARD, Oct. 7) the right to become the first female flat-race jockey. Expected to ride for the first time at Maryland's Laurel Race Course when she recovers from a broken leg, she faces the prospect, however, of an antigirl boycott by male jockeys, who claim to be chary of riding in traffic with a woman.

If truth be known, the average male rider probably was more scared—and more dangerous—the first time he rode as an apprentice than Miss Kusner, a horsewoman of long and varied experience, is likely to be in her debut. Still, a shy young lady of 5′ 4″ does seem an unlikely type to be booting them 1,000-pound babies in. And maybe jockeys are just naturally conservative, as is suggested by the notice posted on the Laurel bulletin board by rider Eddie Donnally, which—in reference to Laurel General Manager Frank Brady's offering Kathy the use of his home on the grounds for dressing—concluded as follows:

"If she is to be a jockey, then she should come to the jockey's room at the appointed time . . . change into her riding clothes, ride the races she is in, shower and change into her street clothes and then leave. . . . Did not the Supreme Court, on which she places her legal justification, rule . . . that separate facilities . . . cannot be made equal . . ? Just what individual merit does she possess that justifies her pampered and exceptional treatment? Certainly not the fact that she is a female, for the courts have already ruled that this is not grounds for discrimination."

Or maybe jockeys are just sensitive about the word "petite," which people keep using in connection with Kathy, who is in point of fact a pretty good-sized jockey. Or maybe they are afraid that, after feeling a lady's touch, horses may boycott men.

QUACKETY SAX

Renee Destache, 12, of Appleton, Wis., a seventh-grader and a member of the Einstein Junior High School cadet band, has been playing the tenor saxophone for only six months, and she has already gotten results from it.



She took her sax along when she went with her parents recently to the family cottage at Lake Hilbert, Wis. for the weekend. She practiced inside the cottage as her father and a friend squatted in a duck blind 200 feet from the cottage's pier, blowing duck calls and attracting nothing.

At length Renee's mother, unwilling to hear a saxophone any longer, sent her outside. Renee went out to the end of the pier and began to practice there.

continued





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Her father was about to shoo her away when five bluebills appeared over her head. The shotguns of Renee's father and his friend roared, and three of the bluebills dropped.

When informed of the incident, Renee's band director, Sam R. Ostwald, told her, "We'll have to have a talk about improving the musical quality of your tone." A few days later he told an interviewer, "She's getting better. I'm watching her closer now, and I've worked privately with her a few times."

And probably ruined her for hunting.

A LITTLE TONE

Franklin Mieuli, owner of the San Francisco Warriors, says he wants to elevate NBA basketball, socially, above "the leaky-roof class." This Saturday night, then, before their game with the Lakers at the Cow Palace, the Warriors' fourth annual formal dinner will be held. Under ornate chandeliers, which Mieuli imported from Italy two summers ago while Rick Barry was negotiating his jump to Oakland, guests will dine on Japanese food at $25 per couple, for the benefit of a local charity. Dress will be black tie for the men and Japanese formal for the women, and among the guests will be the Warriors' wives. After dinner, basketball will be played.

THE NEW KELSO

Kelso has entered upon a new career. Last week the five-time Horse of the Year returned to New York, scene of some of his greatest races, in a special exhibition at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. He did some simple dressage movements and then jumped a low, hunter-type course. On opening night he sent one of the fences flying, but no one seemed to mind.

When not in the show ring Kelly, as his owner, Mrs. Richard C. duPont, calls him, is often her mount out fox hunting. Having the world's leading money-winning horse as a hunter must rank among the world's leading prestige symbols, but one would think he would tend to outrun the fox.

SERVING THE POOR

Among the strange things in Las Vegas are some of its golf tournaments. Scheduled this week, for instance, is the second annual charity meet sponsored and played by the maitre d'hotel and captains of the Dunes Hotel. They will

negotiate the Dunes' emerald-green course in full tuxedos, with scarcely attired showgirls as caddies. Each player will be fortified by a bottle of cologne and another of bourbon, donated by the manufacturers. Proceeds of the event will help improve Thanksgiving day for the needy of Las Vegas.

FORTY KELLYS FOR A SWINBURNE?

AB Bookman's Weekly, the trade journal for rare-book dealers, recently printed a list of prices charged back in 1888 for autographed letters by famous public figures. In those days you could get a Mark Twain letter to President Garfield for $5, a Swinburne letter (full of apologies for his bad handwriting) for $4 and similar bargains. And at the very bottom of the list, the cheapest item for sale, was the name of Mike Kelly, the Chicago and Boston baseball hero, then considered the greatest ballplayer who ever lived, whose exploits generated the war cry, "Slide, Kelly, slide!" The price for an original Kelly autograph 10¢.

IMPROVING THE CATFISH

"Heck," says Ralph Barnett of Lonoke, Ark., "I saw *walking* catfish 25 years ago, when I was a boy." The real news in catfish, claims Barnett, is his recent epochal success in breeding tiny albino ones—guaranteed not to set foot, or whatever, outside a bowl, even in Florida (SI, Nov. 11).

People in the minnow and pet fish business have been trying for years to raise pure, nonwalking albino catfish that multiplied steadily enough to be lucrative and lived long enough to be viable home companions. (They are interesting in aquariums, being white all over except for pink eyes. "Anybody that sees them," says Barnett, "has a fit over them.") At last, after having "been through four years and a million fish," Barnett has found the way, and now he boasts a burgeoning stock in his Lonoke ponds and a healthy demand from pet and department stores. Next year he hopes to have five million white catfish on the market.

Part of his secret is hand feeding. When the eggs hatch, the little fish have to be taught how to eat. So he takes a minute amount of meal (a special mixture made at a nearby feed mill) in one hand, dips it into the water and with the other hand gently herds the delicate young toward the feed.

But it isn't as simple as that, and it is

continued



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also hard to weed out cripples and to get the mature fish to produce plenty of eggs. To learn how, "I slept out at that farm 12 weeks with those fish and I looked at those fish every hour on the hour, even in the night. And if you don't think that's tough, just give it a twirl. But I was going to raise that damn fish, and I did." Now, Barnett says, biologists who "wouldn't give me the time of day" when he asked them for advice are begging him for his secrets. The biologists have two chances of getting them, he says: "Slim and poor."

THE SHADOW

Golfers who are lazy and antisocial, or who just like to keep up with technological advances, will be interested to learn that John Pirre, a Stamford, Conn. engineer, has developed an electronic caddie.

The apparatus is a three-wheeled cart, just large enough to hold a golf bag, which follows Pirre at a given distance, and which he has named "Maynard." Pirre carries a transmitter the size of a cigarette pack on his person, and Maynard homes in on the transmitter's signal. Pirre sets the distance at which he wishes the caddie to follow him—usually five feet—and it will keep that distance exactly, slowing down and speeding up as he does. When he wants it to remain where it is, he turns the transmitter off. Maynard is powered by an automobile battery and will go 7½ miles before requiring a recharge.

Pirre has a handicap of nine, which "is not as good as it was before Maynard. I guess I spent too much time [15 months] working on the caddie and not enough on my golf." And if you see a man walking through Stamford with a golf bag following discreetly behind him, you will know it is because he forgot to turn his transmitter off.

THEY SAID IT

• Red Berenson, St. Louis Blues forward, after equaling the scoring record of six goals in a National Hockey League game: "It was like planting trees. Some years you plant 12 and five or six grow, and some years they all come up."

• Y. C. McNease, University of Idaho football coach, on Washington's unrelenting offense that continued to go for the long pass and touchdown even with a 37–7 lead: "... I'll say this ... no, I guess I won't say it after all." **END**



One of the nice things about a glass liquor cabinet is that it shows off your Chivas Regal.

Which, when there are Scotch drinkers around, is also one of the bad things about it.

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 18, 1968

THE PROS FACE A

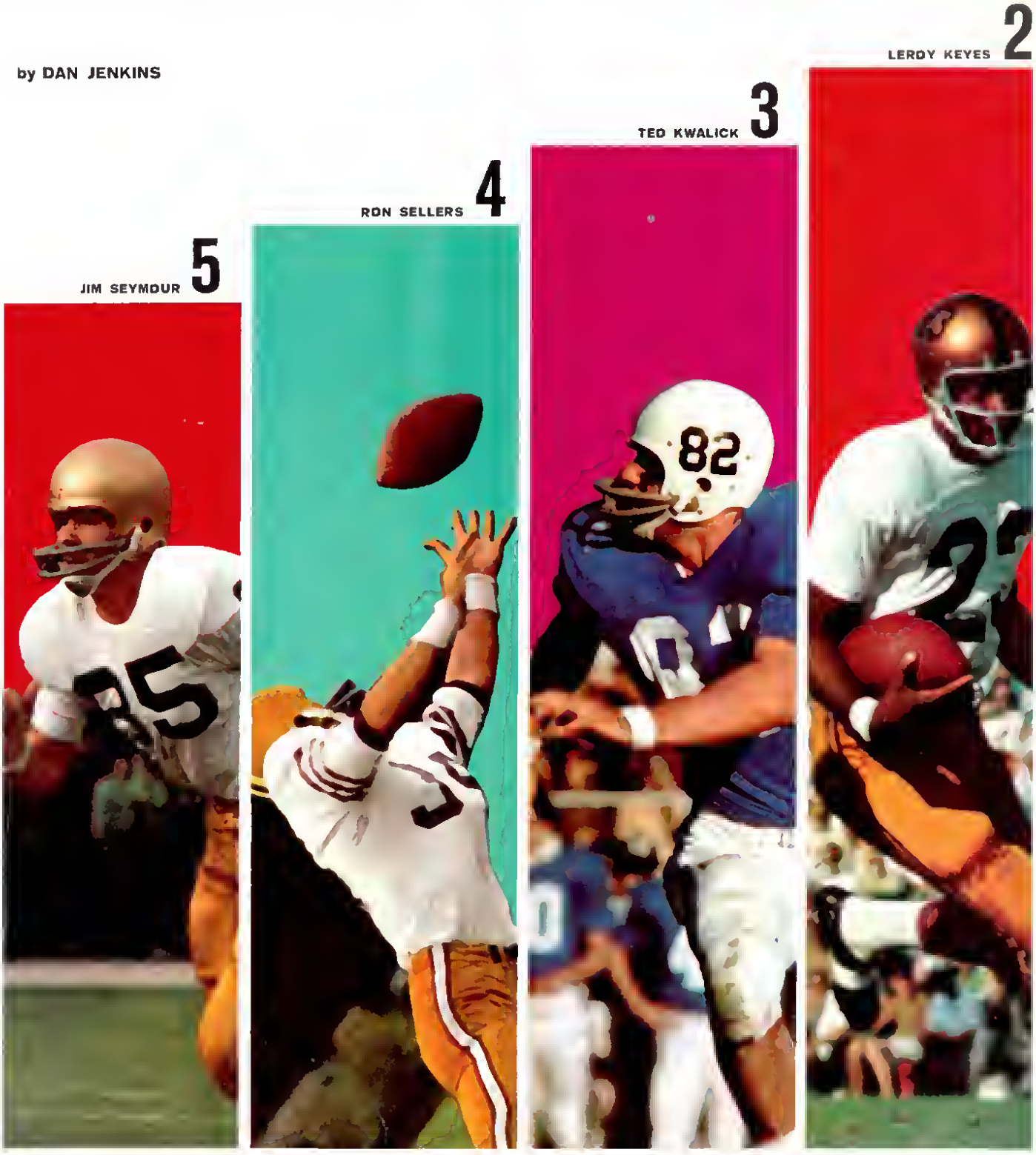
In a confidential poll for Sports Illustrated, scouts representing every professional football team rate the best crop of first-round draft candidates available in years, a group that boasts an unusual number of headline-capturing celebrities and one that will force some anguished decisions by the men who must do the picking. A consensus of the ballots shows who ranks where—and settles a rousing argument

CONTINUED



DAZZLING DILEMMA

by DAN JENKINS



1



Grantland Rice is no longer around to call him the—uh—the One Horseman, but the pro scouts will happily oblige, for he is bigger than Tom Harmon, faster than Glenn Davis, more punishing than Doc Blanchard, more durable than Ernie Nevers and, with all of this, he has moments of elusiveness that rival Red Grange. One speaks, naturally, of O. J. Simpson, that fellow from USC who keeps running through the folklore of college football the way Henry V ran through Agincourt. If the scouts know a thing or two, O.J. is the finest collegiate runner—live, tape or film—who ever strolled back to a huddle. And yet Simpson is far from all they watch, for a lot more royalty than Lord Orange Juice is on the loose this season. There are, to cite a few, the Earl of Sellers, the Duke of Kwalick, the Marquis de Hendricks. In fact, as far as the talent hunters are concerned, there hasn't been such a majestic gathering of first-round draft choices in years.

Professional football scouts talk about good years like gentlemen discussing wines. "Oh, yeah, '51," a scout will say. "Gifford, Matson, McElhenny, Howton." Or he will reflect on that marvelous autumn of '56. "Hmmm, yes. Jim Brown, Hornung, Brodie, McDonald. Truly splendid." And so shall it be, apparently, when they gaze back on the draftable seniors of 1968. At some once and future motel coffee shop in Starkville or College Station, a scout is going to be saying, "Ah, '68. That was a crop. Simpson, Keyes, Hanratty, Smith, Sellers, Kwalick. What studs!"

All of this is borne out in a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED poll conducted last week. Head scouts representing the 26 NFL and AFL teams arrived at these conclusions: one-third called this season's first-round draft choices the best group ever; most of the other two-thirds agreed that they rate among the best groups; and nearly all the scouts expected the year to produce the most glory-bound collection of pointmakers—runners, throwers and catchers—in years. In the process the scouts resolved the running battle between the Midwest and Pacific Coast over which of two athletes deserves the Heisman Trophy, O. J. Simpson or Leroy Keyes. If it were up to the scouts, O.J. would win by several broken tackles. The USC halfback received 25 out of 26 votes as the No. 1 draft choice, and 10 scouts said Simpson is the best collegiate runner they have ever seen.

A total of 50 different collegians drew votes from the scouts, who were asked to name their 11 best football players in order of preference, regardless of position and regardless of the urgent needs of their employers. O.J. came as close to being unanimous as any player is ever likely to, and he would have been if a single scout had not chosen to have some fun, perhaps. The fellow could not resist playing an old scouting game that might be called Obscure Split Endmanship, his first choice being Edward Cross, a receiver from Arkansas AM&N in Pine Bluff. Simpson he placed second.

As much as scouts relish finding a rough diamond in the sticks, they agree that 1968 is a year for knowns instead of unknowns. Simpson and Keyes alone would be enough to make this a special draft. The argument over their relative virtues has almost reached the Security Council. All O.J. does is run, says the Midwest, while Leroy runs, catches and defends. Sure, but nobody ever ran like Simpson, says the Pacific Coast. The scouts prefer O.J., and one of the group, all of whom insisted on anonymity, explained why.

"They're both superb," he said. "The difference is that you've seen others like Keyes before. Donny Anderson, for instance. At Texas Tech he was a terrific runner, he could catch, he punted, and a lot of us always felt his best position would be free safety. But nobody ever suggested he was the best there ever was. On the other hand, you've *never* seen a guy like Simpson. There has never been anyone with his combination of size, speed, toughness and elusiveness."

Simpson will be a running back, and very possibly the best as a pro since Jim Brown. Keyes could be a runner, but more probably will be used as a flanker or defensive back. "Keyes has a history of fumbling and getting hurt," said one scout. "So you have to think he can't take the wear and tear O.J. can. He's going to cost good money, so why risk that money on him as a runner? Put him out at flanker or on defense where he'll last."

Simpson's halfback-fullback proportions (6′ 2″, 207 pounds), together with his authentic speed (9.3) and proved durability, led one scout to call him, perhaps too lavishly, a combination of Jim Brown and Gale Sayers. O.J. has comfortably carried as much as 212 pounds, he weighed 210, in fact, when he ran a leg of USC's world-record 440-yard relay two springs ago. It is the endurance of such a fast man that keeps amazing the pro scouts. Speedy backs, histori-

continued

THE BEST COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYERS OF 1968

Here, in the order of the votes they received and showing the positions they would probably play as pros, are the scouts' top 26 selections—enough for a first round of the draft

1	O. J. Simpson, USC	Running Back
2.	Leroy Keyes, Purdue	Flanker
3	Ted Kwalick, Penn St	Tight End
4	Ron Sellers, Florida St	Flanker
5	Jim Seymour, Notre Dame	Split End
6	Larry Smith, Florida	Running Back
7.	Terry Hanratty, Notre Dame	Quarterback
8	Ted Hendricks, Miami	Defensive End
9	George Kunz, Notre Dame	Offensive Tackle
10	Joe Greene, N. Texas St	Defensive Tackle
11.	Paul Gipson, Houston	Running Back
12	Bob Douglass, Kansas	Quarterback
13.	Rufus Mayes, Ohio St	Offensive Tackle
14.	Bill Stanfill, Georgia	Defensive End
15.	Mercury Morris, W. Tex. St.	Running Back
16.	Bob Klein, USC	Tight End
17.	Greg Cook, Cincinnati	Quarterback
18	Rolf Krueger, Texas A&M	Defensive Tackle
19	Jerry Levias, SMU	Flanker
20.	Bill Enyart, Oregon St	Linebacker
21.	Richmond Flowers, Tenn.	Flanker
22.	Warren Bankston, Tulane	Running Back
23.	Dave Foley, Ohio St	Offensive Tackle
24.	Edward Cross, Ark. AM&N	Flanker
25.	Chris Gilbert, Texas	Running Back
26.	Ross Montgomery, TCU	Running Back

O. J. SIMPSON *flies through the California line as he leads USC in its best game of year*

cally, have never carried the ball much, but McKay has run Simpson like Hal the Computer. Since transferring to USC from City College of San Francisco in 1967, Simpson has never carried less than 17 times in a game, which used to be plenty, and has gone as high as 47. This has been done against consistently stern opponents—the likes of Notre Dame, Michigan State, Texas, UCLA—who had sworn on old copies of the *NCAA Guide* that they would stop him.

Last Saturday was a typical example. USC faced California, which came into Los Angeles with the nation's No. 3 defense overall and the top defense against scoring—Cal had allowed only 5.6 points per game. It was a burly team led by a sure All-America middle guard, Ed White, and it had begun to scent—faintly but distinctly—the Rose Bowl. But O.J. kept on doing his thing, which is almost single-handedly keeping the Trojans ahead in their grinding, burdensome task of trying to defend their national championship with a team that is not as strong as last year's.

USC started the game as if it intended to run O.J. about 95 times and do nothing else. He carried the first six plays on a hot, clear day before 80,871, all of it power stuff right into the heart of the Cal defense. There was little letup for him through three quarters, as usual, and he finished with 164 yards in 31 carries and two touchdowns, his 16th and 17th of the season, one of them on a bursting 39-yard run just when he had begun to look weary and battered. Simpson's hammering inside enabled the Trojan offense to destroy the Bears with some of Quarterback Steve Sogge's finest passing of the year. Overall, USC was at its best of the season while running up a 35–3 lead and winning 35–17. Simpson sat out the whole last quarter.

The pro scouts have stopped thinking about O.J.'s statistics—they don't have to anymore—but some totals and comparisons are worth noting. In only 17 varsity games he has run for 2,754 yards. No runner in history has gained that much ground in two full seasons. This season he has gained 1,211 yards and will very likely break the one-year NCAA rushing record of 1,570. When his achievements are compared to those of college football's most famous runners, the results are shocking. One thinks of Red Grange as having been tackled twice, maybe three times, during his whole Galloping Ghost career at Illinois. Well, Simpson, who is four inches taller, 37 pounds heavier, and infinitely faster than Grange, gained 800 more yards than Old 77 got in his best season. Next, we remember Michigan's Tom Harmon as a tearaway runner of the royal order. Old 98. Well, by Simpson's fourth game this season (the 14th of his major college career), the Trojan had more yards than Harmon gained in *three* years. And then there was Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard at Army. Old 41 and Old 35, right? Outside and Inside. Well, Simpson's 1,543 yards last year, counting the Rose Bowl game, came within 119 steps of equaling what Davis and Blanchard got *together* in 1945, their best season.

The pro scouts are not weighing Simpson against ghosts, however, but Simpson against Keyes. It is interesting that the two have played against six common foes in 1967-68, and only once did Keyes outshine O.J. That was last year against Michigan State when Simpson gained 190 yards in 36 carries and scored twice, but Keyes ran for 194 yards in 12 less attempts, caught three passes and threw for a touchdown.

The other games went like this:

Notre Dame—Simpson ran for 150 yards and scored three touchdowns. Keyes gained 27 yards, caught nine passes and covered Jim Seymour on defense.

Oregon State—Simpson ground out 188 yards on a muddy field. Keyes made 74 yards and caught five passes. Both USC and Purdue lost.

Indiana—Simpson gained 128 yards and scored twice as USC won. Keyes gained 114 yards but fumbled once as Purdue lost.

Northwestern (1968)—Simpson ran for 189 yards, scoring three touchdowns. Keyes gained 96 yards, also scoring three times.

Minnesota (1968)—Simpson went for 236 yards in 39 carries and scored four touchdowns. Keyes got 48 yards in 15 tries at Minnesota last Saturday and was visibly slowed by a knee injury that is nagging, though not serious.

It is these kinds of performances that establish Simpson as No. 1, period. But consider poor—or pretty soon not so poor—Leroy. Had he come along at any other time Keyes would be getting as many raves as a Caesar at the gates of Rome. Twenty-four of the pro scouts ranked Keyes as No. 2 on their list of choices, and again it must be remembered that these are men who judge performance, not press clippings. "If Simpson is a mixture of Brown and Sayers, then Keyes is a combination of Charley Taylor and Bobby Mitchell," says one scout in summing up Leroy. "And what's so bad about that?"

It is difficult to find much wrong with most of the first-round talent available for the draft, a selection process that is going to have some high-pressure moments. The pro clubs, regardless of which league they are in, draft in the reverse order of their won-lost records. At this point the Philadelphia Eagles (0-9-0) have the first shot at O.J. But because of trades the Los Angeles Rams have *three* first-round draft choices. It is known the Rams would give Memorial Coliseum and throw in Ronald Reagan, too, for O.J., and there is ample speculation that they might offer all three of their draft picks to the Eagles or whatever team it is that proves the last indeed come first. After O.J. goes Leroy, but what will happen then? Here is how the scouts rate the next best choices, and a little bit of what they think.

- Ted Kwalick, Penn State, tight end. best prospect at his position in years. Fast for his size (6′ 4″, 230 pounds) and an excellent receiver. "Tight ends," says a scout, "are hard to come by. They are a different breed because they must be able to block *and* catch. Kwalick does both superbly."
- Ron Sellers, Florida State, flanker. fine speed, good hands, and a distinct savvy about running patterns, since he has played in a pro-type offense for three years. "Can't miss. He can fly—and catch anything." Unquote.
- Jim Seymour, Notre Dame, split end. an ex-hurdler with height and searing speed. He has grown stronger and learned to catch against brutal double coverage. "He takes the ball like he's cradling a baby, yet he's got strength," a scout says.
- Larry Smith, Florida, running back. a slashing type who breaks tackles in the open or inside, he is a good fullback candidate at 6′ 4″ and 221 pounds, has hidden speed and can catch. "This type is really hard to find. For one thing, he's white," notes a scout.
- Terry Hanratty, Notre Dame, quarterback. three years of starting for the Irish and throwing a zillion passes make him a treasure. He is big and has a fine arm.

WHY O.J. RATES AS THE BEST RUNNER OF THEM ALL

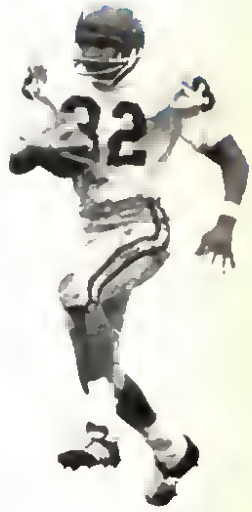
A statistical comparison shows how O J Simpson outshines the most celebrated running backs of other eras. His 1968 and career ground-gaining figures are, of course, not yet complete He has three—and perhaps four—games still to play

	RED GRANGE ILLINOIS 1923 24 25	TOM HARMON MICHIGAN 1938 39 40	GLENN DAVIS ARMY 1943 44 45 46	O J SIMPSON USC 1967 68
Height	5'10"	6'1"	5' 9"	6' 2"
Weight	170	194	170	207
Speed	10 0	09 8	09 8	09 3
Games played	20	24	38	17
Career yards rushing	2,071	2,134	2,957	2,754
Best single season rushing	743	884	944	1,543
Best single game rushing	237	206	230	236
Average carries per game	19	17	9	32
Average yards per game	103 5	88 9	77 8	162









A knee injury against Pittsburgh on Saturday is a setback, but his talent is proved and the pros are used to weak-kneed passers. He is not a unanimous choice among quarterbacks, however. Some scouts prefer Kansas' Bob Douglass and others Greg Cook of Cincinnati or Marty Domres of Columbia.

• Ted Hendricks, Miami, defensive end: no one has ever seen a 6' 8" linebacker or a defensive end who weighs only 210, but in spite of his unusual measurements Hendricks gets priority over all other defenders because of his agility, mobility and strength. "He keeps people away from his body, and he's a supreme competitor," one scout says.

• George Kunz, Notre Dame, offensive tackle: he is big (6' 5", 240 pounds) and will grow more, say the scouts, and his speed (five flat in the 40) is unique for interior linemen. "Easily the best at his position," notes one admirer.

• Joe Greene, North Texas State, defensive tackle: the more you look at films of Greene, the bigger and tougher he appears. At 6' 4" and 274 pounds, he is extremely agile and can play either defensive tackle or end. He is not as spectacular as Hendricks, but his size makes him a must.

• Paul Gipson, Houston, running back: a fast man who hits quickly, he runs low to the ground and breaks tackles. A 1,000-yard runner last season, Gipson passed that once-magic mark again last Saturday. After his performance against Georgia the previous week, when he tore away from a tough defense for 230 yards, one of the game officials said, "If O.J. is any better, I don't know how."

Among the other household names around the country, some raise doubts among the pro scouts. SMU's Jerry Levias, for example. He is small, but he leads the nation in receiving and he has a habit of making the big plays. "I'll go to a pro camp on my own if I have to," says Levias. To which Dallas Coach Tom Landry says, "Levias is just too small to play in the pros—but he'll play." There is serious speculation whether Tennessee's Richmond Flowers, the track star, can absorb the bruises of pro football. A work-all-day fullback like Oregon State's Bill (Earthquake) Enyart is considered too slow to make it as a pro runner but might be a linebacker.

The scouts are concerned about Kansas' Bob Douglass because he is left-handed and all pro offenses are right-handed. And perhaps in the worst position of all is Texas' Chris Gilbert, a remarkable ball carrier for three years whose ground-gaining achievements have topped those of such Southwest Conference legends as Kyle Rote, John Crow, Jim Swink and Ooak Walker. On Saturday Gilbert became one of the few runners ever to crack the 3,000-yard barrier, and yet the scouts believe he may lack the size to be a pro running back or the hands to be a flanker. "Some guys you take just because they're athletes," one said. "Gilbert is like that."

The poll of the scouts showed one last area of agreement. Were it not for the merger between the NFL and the AFL, this year's draft choices would be the highest priced rookies ever, led by O. J. Simpson, of course, whose bonus would have made those paid to Joe Namath, Tommy Nobis and Donny Anderson look like loose change. As it is, O.J. won't have to stand in any soup lines. And neither will the rest of those royal chaps in a majestic year. **END**

ALOHA TO A TROUBLED SEASON

Last week's Hawaiian Open climaxed the 1968 tour, a year in which the Masters ended in debate, a comedian won the Open, new faces began to supplant old and the PGA and the touring pros went pffft **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

While that old rascal, Lee Trevino, was winning the Hawaiian International Open Invitational golf tournament last weekend, Pacific *II* satellite was undergoing terrific punishment. Hovering somewhere over the equator, it had to bounce all that action, all that tropical scenery, all that ukulele music, as well as the world's longest golf title, from Honolulu to Brewster Flat, Wash. (from whence it rebounded to San Francisco and Los Angeles and points east). More than that, the overworked satellite had to relay the last flickering image of one of the decade's Sunday afternoon television staples, a show that had threatened to outlast even Ed Sullivan: to wit, the Professional Golfers' Association's weekly tour.

Now, alas, as it must to all TV shows, the last great Nielsen has come to the PGA tour we have learned to love. Hereafter, in the immutable formula of television, pretty much the same old show with the same characters will appear next year under another name—that of the American Professional Golfers. All during the Hawaiian Open you could sense the fading out of the old, the ringing in of the new. It was not just that the early leaders had names like Ken Ellsworth, Dick Lotz and Mac McLendon. Poor Gardner Dickinson, who has the overwhelming task of getting the new organization under way by early January, seemed to be interrupted last week in the middle of every backswing by a fresh dispatch from the mainland announcing some new threat from the PGA over the mass defection of the players.

As it expires, the PGA tour is anywhere from 35 to 45 years old, depending on whether you date its birth from those first haphazard winter tournaments with Walter Hagen, Mac Smith and Lighthorse Harry Cooper or the more formalized circuit of a few years later with Paul Runyan, Horton Smith and the Dutra brothers. Whatever its official age, the PGA tour went out in one of the zaniest, most controversial, form-defying years of its lifetime.

Consider what happened in the three major championships. The Masters in April almost had to go to the Supreme Court for a decision. Roberto DeVicenzo, who had tied winner Bob Goalby after a shamelessly dramatic final round, was disqualified for signing a faulty scorecard. Then came June and the U.S. Open, where a guy from some sand-swept course in West Texas outtalked and outplayed all the golfing millionaires with private jets. In just four days at Rochester, Lee Trevino, with a two-bit hustler's swing and his belly hanging over his belt buckle, moved the game of golf from the country club grill room to the hamburger drive-in, wisecracks and all. Finally, there was the PGA, played in the midsummer furnace of central Texas. While Texans were withering into prunes under their Stetsons, an oldtimer named Julius Boros just ambled along to victory when he



Bob Lunn, the tour's new King Kong, belts a big one against a typical Hawaiian background

should have been rocking away on some veranda sipping Geritol on the rocks. It was that kind of year.

There were, of course, 42 other tournaments along the way (counting next month's Cajun Classic, which rings down the curtain on professional golf for 1968). Perhaps the most predictable aspect of the tour was that six of these events went to Billy Casper, the world's best tournament golfer at the moment. After 14 years on the tour the only sign of wear and tear on Casper is a smattering of gray at the temples. Like his idol, Boros, Casper has such a free-and-easy swing it looks as if it should last him through the remainder of the 20th century. This year it has won him better than $200,000, which is close to $50,000 more than Jack Nicklaus in second place. "I just feel good," Casper explains in his serene way. "I want to keep going on the way Boros does."

Except for Casper, who was a bit more greedy than the rest, the fashion this year was to win two tournaments, preferably back to back. George Knudson, the Canadian, set the style in Arizona during February when he won at Phoenix and Tucson. By May, Bob Lunn had done it at Memphis and Atlanta. Bob Lunn? For the benefit of those who have not been minding their TV sets, Bob Lunn is the new King Kong of golf, replacing semiretired George Bayer. The ground trembles a bit when he lumbers down the fairway, and, like most of the horde of earnest young men who are callously shoving the Souchaks and the Finsterwalds and the Roshurgs into country club jobs, he can hit the ball out of sight and putt like a pool shark.

Came August, and back-to-back victories went to someone we could all recognize. Jack Nicklaus. Jack had been there all the time, plodding along in second or third place and scaring the leaders half to death, but it was not until he reached the Western Open in Chicago that he was able to win, repeating the following week at the American Golf Classic in Akron. Later that month it was Bob Murphy's turn at Philadelphia and the Thunderbird Classic in New Jersey. Murphy had been the amateur champion back in 1965, so he was not exactly a stranger to the public, but a rookie pro winning two in a row was like a hippie heading up the junior chamber of commerce—possible, but highly unlikely, particularly for someone with an appetite that puts his Munsingwear under the most intense strain. Finally, in October, still another rookie named Bob—Bob Dickson, last year's amateur champion—broke into the winner's circle with a victory at the Haig.

A record number of golfers, 12 in all, earned more than $100,000 this year, including Frank Beard, who did it without winning a single tournament, and the man who supposedly had such a poor year, Arnold Palmer. In the welter of unfamiliar names that occupy the golf news these days, Palmer's appears so seldom that a few may think he has been in hiding in South America. Yet 1968 was not all that bad. True, he missed the cut at the Masters, and there is that agonizingly poignant memory of him teeing off with a couple of amateurs in the bottom-most pairing of the U.S. Open on the final day. But he also won two rich and widely separated tournaments—the Bob Hope in early February and the Kemper Open in September. There was also the excruciating moment when Arnold stood up to an eight-foot putt on the 72nd green that would have tied him with Boros for the PGA, the only major championship Palmer has never won. Sadly, like so many of Palmer's putts these days, it refused to drop. Nonetheless, he won better than $100,000 for the umpteenth time, leaving him in seventh place. And he has been the biggest celebrity in sport for so long he already ranks with the Standard Oil Company, the International Olympic Committee and the Imperial German Army as one of mankind's institutional landmarks. No one need worry about Palmer.

And so, as the sun set behind fabled old Diamond Head last Sunday afternoon, the time had come to say farewell to the good old PGA. The Hawaiians sped it on its way with traditional native ceremony, blessing everything in sight, including the golfers, the papaya and the okolehao. Everyone sang *Aloha Oe*, and there was scarcely a dry eye from Koko Head to Barbers Point. It was a touching moment all right, but there must be forgiveness for some of the golfers if their minds were elsewhere.

A few, like Dickinson, Jack Nicklaus and Frank Beard, must get the APG on its feet and moving by the end of the year. So far they have an administrative director, a tournament director, a TV man, a lawyer, a few dollars in the bank and a temporary office on Park Avenue in midtown Manhattan. They also have enough promises from sponsors to run a weekly tour well into the middle of 1969, a tour that will be hardly distinguishable in either players, money or locales from the year just past. However, and a very big however indeed, a vengeful and litigious-minded PGA is lurking in the background threatening to slap subpoenas on anyone who tees it up. As they left their island paradise last week, the professional golfers needed all the blessings they could get. **END**



Bob Dickson enjoys far-from-trapped sand

NOW RING IN A NEW CENTURY

Once the patsy of the NFL, the Century Division, led by Cleveland and St Louis, has been flexing an impressive set of muscles **by TEX MAULE**

For a while early in the season it looked as if no one would win the Century Division title. The Cleveland Browns and the St. Louis Cardinals, picked to finish one-two, each lost two of their first three games to create a three-way tie for first with the New Orleans Saints, a second-year expansion team. The fourth Century team, the Pittsburgh



Steelers, lost all three of its games. The division seemed easily the worst of the four in the NFL. Of seven interdivisional games *Century* teams lost six, only a New Orleans victory over Washington saving them from a whitewash.

Since then the picture has changed dramatically. The Cardinals lost to Dallas, then won four in a row before tying Pittsburgh last week. The Browns beat Pittsburgh, lost to St. Louis and have since won four straight, including a rousing victory over the Baltimore Colts and an impressive rout of San Francisco. The Saints have been in contention in most of their games on the strength of the league's most aggressive pass defense, and might be considered a dark-horse candidate for the crown had they not lost Quarterback Billy Kilmer two weeks ago with a broken ankle.

The Browns and Cardinals were revived in the same way—by the replacement of a veteran quarterback with a younger man. The Cardinals started the season with young Jim Hart, who played all of the 1967 season and demonstrated the fallibility of youth by throwing 30 interceptions. After the Cardinals lost their first two games, to Los Angeles and San Francisco, Coach Charley Winner benched Hart for veteran Charley Johnson, who commuted to the games from his Army post. Johnson, however, came a cropper against the Dallas Cowboys in the fourth game of the season and was replaced by Hart in the second half. Hart could not salvage a victory, but his performance was steady enough so that he has started every game since then.

"He has matured," one club official said last week after Hart had thrown three touchdown passes to tie the Steelers. "He doesn't try to force his passes when he sees double coverage and he is finding his secondary receivers better than he did last season. And his protection has been good."

The Browns began their recovery when Coach Blanton Collier, after two sleepless nights of soul-searching, decided to replace Frank Ryan, the longtime Cleveland quarterback, with Bill Nelsen, a newcomer whom they obtained from the Steelers. Under Ryan, the Browns had looked unimpressive against the Saints in their opening victory, then had lost decisively to the Dallas Cowboys in Dallas and to the Los Angeles Rams in their home opener.

"Ryan wasn't moving the team," Collier said. After the Ram loss, Collier huddled with some of his assistants and with Brown Owner Art Modell for more than 30 minutes in a room off the dressing quarters. Two days later he announced that Nelsen would start against Pittsburgh. Nelsen, a 27-year-old, six-year veteran from the University of Southern California, has been the Browns' quarterback ever since.

Although Collier made no explicit criticism of Ryan, it was obvious that Frank was relying too heavily on long passes, often ignoring the short patterns that were part of the Cleveland battle strategy. Nelsen, on the other hand, is satisfied with short gains if they are conceded by the defense. He has used all of the good corps of Brown receivers, and his approach to the passing game has made receivers such as the big tight end, Milt Morin, much more effective.

Nelsen beat his old teammates, the Steelers, and produced Cleveland's biggest score to that point, a 31–24 victory. He had a weak first half against St. Louis in his next game but rallied in the second half as the Browns lost 27–21. Then he led the club to four victories in a row, over Baltimore, Atlanta, San Francisco and New Orleans.

After last week's victory over the Saints, Collier appeared delighted with his quarterback. Nelsen completed only 10 of 24 passes, but four of them went for touchdowns. He also called a precise and knowledgeable game.

"I like a quarterback who will keep making the short gains," Collier said. "Four yards here, five there, four more, then maybe 10 or 12. You keep the ball that way, and if the opportunity for the bomb presents itself you take it."

Nelsen assumed the leadership of the Brown offense with surprising aplomb. Ryan had been the quarterback for six years, and it might have been expected that the Brown veterans would resent his being set down for a quarterback who only joined the team this season. But Nelsen's easy confidence averted this danger.

continued



Browns' Leroy Kelly causes opponents heartache when he runs, but he is also a deadly receiver

Phoning upstairs to Cleveland scouts, Quarterback Nelsen gets a line on the Saints' defense

"He takes charge in the huddle," Collier explained. "He's a psychologist who knows how to handle players." Collier cited Otto Graham, the former Cleveland quarterback, as a similar type. "Dub Jones, who was a fine receiver on those teams, once told me that the players always believed that Otto would come up with the big play when they needed it," Collier said. "This team has something of that feeling about Nelsen."

Nelsen is calm about his rise to relative glory. "I always felt that I could do it if I had the chance," he now says. "I don't mean to sound arrogant, but all quarterbacks have to believe in themselves."

"Bill generates excitement," says Gene Hickerson, who has played guard for the club for 11 years. "You can't believe what's going on. He tells me to hold my man out a little longer and, you know, I will." Jim Houston, a nine-year linebacker, agrees with Hickerson. "Bill brings out the extra in a player," he says. "He's interested in trying to propel our inertia. His confident attitude—and it's not cockiness—carries over to the defense, too. We know he'll make the big play eventually. That's the kind of feeling we have now," he said. "The atmosphere is that much short of a championship." He held up his fingers, a couple of inches apart.

The Browns struggled against the 49ers in the first half of the game on the Coast two weeks ago, trailing by 14–3 at one time. "The defense knew Bill was having trouble in the first quarter," Houston said. "We just hung in there because we knew he would put some points on the scoreboard."

Both the Browns and the Cardinals can partly blame their slow starts on extensive reshuffling of personnel. In both cases, some of that came about because of internal difficulties. Racial dissension (SI, July 29), general ineptitude and advancing age caused the Cardinals to make several trades. Defensive Back Jimmy Burson went to Washington, Defensive End Joe Robb to Detroit, Defensive Tackle Sam Silas to New York. Prentice Gautt, an eight-year running back who played 14 games in 1967, retired, along with Bill Koman, an excellent linebacker who had played nine years for the Cardinals.

Winner, in effect, rebuilt his entire defense, with only three of 11 players remaining in the positions they had occupied in 1967. To complicate his problem, veteran Strong Safety Jerry Stovall missed the first six games of the year. Winner first tried Mike Barnes, a second-year defensive back, then Chuck Latourette, a punter-kick return specialist, in Stovall's position, but neither of them showed enough ability to cope with the wiles of a good tight end. Monty Stickles of New Orleans caught four passes for 80 yards against them, and Milt Morin had a delightful afternoon, catching eight passes for 151 yards.

A rookie middle linebacker, Jamie Rivers, has progressed so rapidly that he stands a reasonable chance of being named Rookie of the Year. He made mistakes early on, although he turned both New Orleans games in the Cardinals' favor with key plays. In the first game he blocked a Saints' field-goal attempt and in the second diagnosed a fake field-goal attempt and tackled the ballcarrier for a two-yard loss to give the Cards possession. Rivers was injured slightly last week but should be ready for the Cards' crucial game against Baltimore this Sunday.

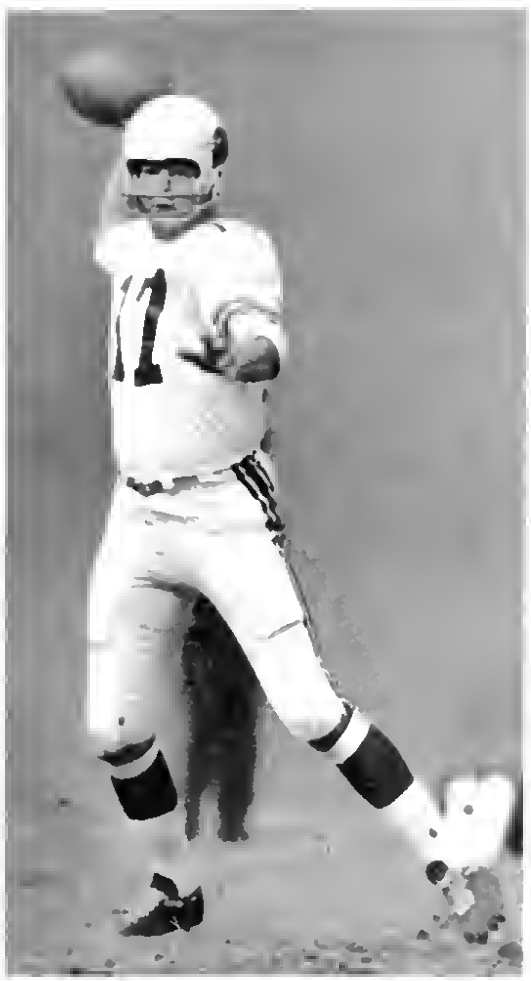
Johnny Roland, the superb running back who generated most of the ground power for the team until he was injured late in 1967, started slowly this year, gingerly testing an operation on his knee. But he was strong against Philadelphia, scored the tying touchdown against the Steelers and seems back at full speed. He has been helped by the recent emergence of Willis Crenshaw, whose potent running has given opponents someone else to look out for.

With the defense gaining cohesion and confidence from week to week and with Hart, behind fine blocking, growing in stature as a quarterback, the Cardinals are poised for a good stretch run. If it were not for the comparable improvement of Cleveland, they might be clear-cut favorites to take the division and give the Dallas Cowboys a respectable tussle for the Eastern Conference championship.

But the Browns, too, have begun to demonstrate impressive muscle in areas other than quarterback. They were dealt a severe blow before the season started when Ross Fichtner, a veteran defensive back, and John Wooten, one of the steadiest blockers in the league at guard, were put on waivers after an altercation that had racial overtones. The offense lost another key blocker when Fullback Ernie Green injured a knee against Los Angeles in the first exhibition game. Green, who has almost fully recovered, played a few minutes last week, meanwhile, neither of the men who have tried to replace him—Charley Harraway or Charlie Leigh, who never played college football—has been particularly effective. Harraway is a fair blocker but slow out of the starting blocks, and Leigh simply lacks experience. When Gary Collins, one of the best wide receivers in the league, went out for the season with a shoulder separation, the Brown offense was in shambles.

It took time to fit the new personnel into the scheme of things, and it was not until Nelsen took over that the offense began to function as a unit. Nelsen could accept a rush a bit better than Ryan, because he has a quicker release, and he did not miss Collins as much, since he uses all of his receivers about

continued



In his second year Hart has gained poise

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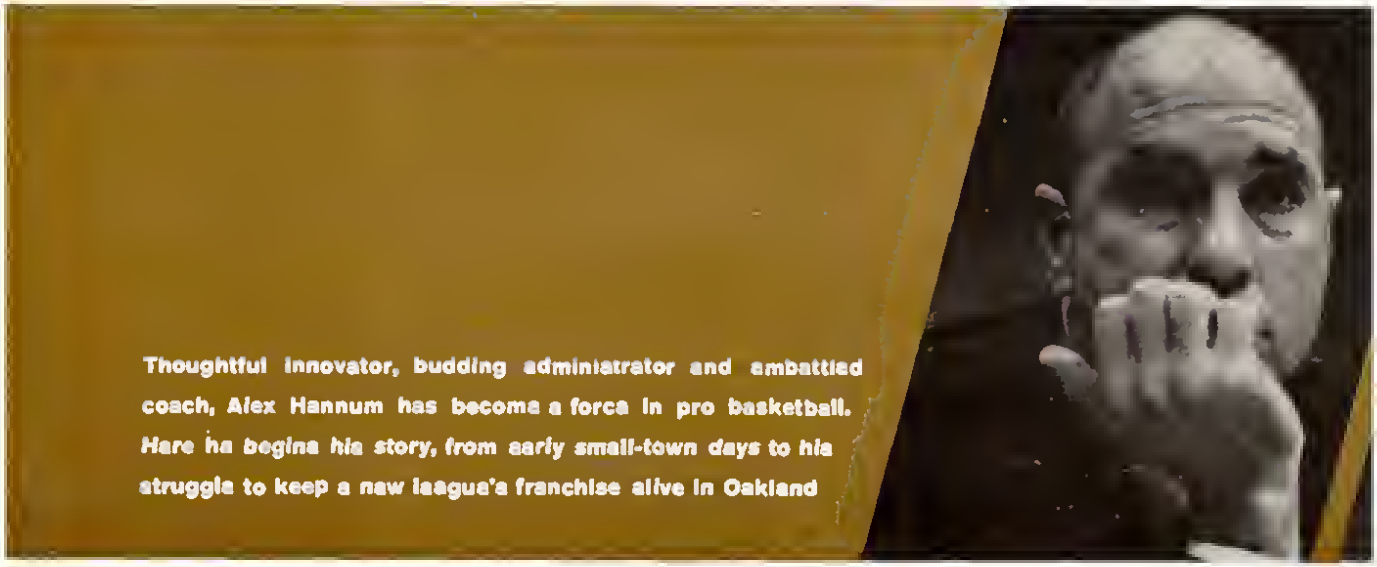
equally. Eppie Barney, Collins' replacement, lacks Collins' height and size but has more speed and has been a good receiver for Nelsen. Morin, who was slowed by injuries last season, came into his own with Nelsen calling his pattern both short and deep. Morin caught two touchdown passes against the 49ers and one last Sunday against New Orleans.

The Browns, then, are operating without eight starters from the 1967 season in which they won the Century Division championship. They are Quarterback Ryan, replaced by Nelsen; Linebacker John Brewer (Bob Matheson); Safetyman Fichtner (Mike Howell, moved from cornerback and replaced by second-year man Ben Davis); Wooten (second-year man John Demarie), Defensive End Paul Wiggin (Ron Snidow, obtained from Washington), Green (Harraway or Leigh), Collins (Barney); and Defensive End Bill Glass, out for the season with broken ribs (second-year man Jack Gregory).

Leroy Kelly, who is a cinch to win the rushing title now that Gale Sayers is out for the season, has become more effective under Nelsen, whose short passing game opens up running space for him. Against San Francisco, Kelly was used judiciously and had his best day of the season, rushing for 174 yards, last week he gained 127 yards and scored three times.

In the battle for the title, the advantage lies with Cleveland. Last week's 28–28 tie with Pittsburgh puts the Cardinals, in effect, half a game behind the Browns with only five left to play. The Cardinals get another crack at the Browns in St. Louis in the last game of the season, but they also have a more difficult schedule—because it includes Sunday's game against Baltimore. The Cardinals' other three games are with the Falcons, Steelers and Giants, while the Browns have the Steelers, Eagles, Giants and Redskins. Should the Browns continue to play as they have in recent weeks, the Cardinals would have to win the rest of their games, including both the crucial one with highly favored Baltimore and the season-ender against the Browns. But no matter which team comes out on top, the Century Division has achieved a surprising recovery. The Cowboys may be shocked in the Eastern Conference playoff on Dec. 21, whether that takes place in St. Louis or Cleveland. **END**





Thoughtful innovator, budding administrator and embattled coach, Alex Hannum has become a force in pro basketball. *Here he begins his story, from early small-town days to his struggle to keep a new league's franchise alive in Oakland*

I'VE BARELY BEGUN TO FIGHT

by ALEX HANNUM with FRANK DEFORD

I was never anything more than a journeyman player in the pros. The most I ever averaged was 7.5 points a game and the most I ever made was $9,000 a year. Near the end I just hung on because I was hooked. I loved basketball and I loved the life. I kept telling myself one more year, just one more, and then I'll quit and go back to California and devote myself full-time to the contracting business. Then, all of a sudden in the middle of the 1956-57 season, which was surely really going to be the last one more year, Ben Kerner, the St. Louis owner, ran out of coaches and got stuck with me, just because I was there, sitting on the bench.

The irony is, Kerner didn't want me as his coach, but I was the only coach ever to win him a championship. For my part, I had never even considered becoming a coach until I was one. It had been enough for me just to try to stay in the league.

I had come into the pros out of the University of Southern California in 1948, at a time when, as now, there were two leagues—the National League and the Basketball Association of America. It was chaos. Whole teams jumped leagues. You could obtain a franchise with one phone call to Chicago and $1,000. It was also a players' market, the last time we've had that until today.

The Oshkosh All-Stars of the National League promised me the fantastic salary of $11,000, and I grabbed it. The reason I say I never made over $9,000 is simple. I never got all of the $11,000. I moved after that in what was fairly rapid succession to Anderson (Ind.), Syracuse, Baltimore, Rochester, Milwaukee, Fort Wayne and St. Louis. At Rochester in 1954, Owner-Coach Lester Harrison suggested I take a $500 cut to $6,500. I held out for a $500 raise but eventually agreed to sign. Fine, said Harrison, and promptly sent me a new contract—for $5,250, the maximum possible 25% cut. Moreover, I was notified in the accompanying letter that I was to be fined $25 for every day I had missed training camp, so it all was to come to less than $5,000, take it or leave it. I decided to take it—what else could you do if you wanted to stay in pro basketball?—but I also sent a letter to President Maurice Podoloff (and the copy to Harrison) pleading for some compassion. I never received so much as an acknowledgement from the league office or from Rochester. I was frozen out. So I just went back to learning more about the construction business.

Then one day, about a third of the way through the season, completely out of the blue I got a call from Kerner of the Milwaukee-soon-to-be-St. Louis Hawks. He couldn't really offer me a normal seasonal contract. Now all he could offer me was a day rate, $40 and change *per diem*, once I could get to wherever



the team was. I took the job and when I walked in and met the team the guy I was replacing came over and handed me a little bag with my uniform in it. Was it clean? I asked. No, he said, I'd have to get it cleaned myself. That was it. I was back in the NBA.

Ben told me later that he had bought the rights to me for $500 down and another $500 if I lasted 30 days. So Milwaukee was definitely my high-water mark as a pro—imagine Ben Kerner paying an extra $500 to keep Alex Hannum!

The nadir was not long in following. We moved to St. Louis the next year, but after that season Ben thanked me for my services and handed me my release. I always appreciated that kind of treatment. I've never cut a player I didn't talk to first.

I caught on next with Fort Wayne and was there a few games in the fall of '56 when I stopped one night for a beer after a movie. "I'm sorry, Alex," the bartender said. He had just learned on television that the Pistons had put me on waivers. The next night, Fred Zollner, the owner and a kind man who deserves an NBA title, went out of his way to see me and console me, but that was a hard task. I was 33 years old, bald before my time, out of a job and stuck in Fort Wayne, Ind. with a wife and two daughters and all sensible hope for regular employment 2,000 miles away in California.

But then, the very next day, I got word that Kerner would pick me up again and bring me back to the Hawks. Of course, it was explained, I could not expect Kerner ever again to be such a mad spendthrift where my talents were concerned. The days of buying me for $500 were gone. Kerner would, however, pick me up for nothing if I lasted out the five-day waiver period. I did.

A few weeks later I was coach of the Hawks. A year later we were champions. Ten years after that Ben Kerner sold the Hawks for $3 million, and I became a substantial owner myself of a new team in a new league. Don't tell me things can't turn around fast in basketball. Don't tell me the Oakland Oaks and the American Basketball Association can't make it.

A lot of people think I was crazy to leave the shelter of the NBA for the vision of the ABA. But I am not naive. I know there are too many basketball franchises now and I expect there will be a dramatic readjustment. I am not looking at this through rose-colored glasses. For instance, I met one ABA owner, Arthur Brown of the New York Nets, for the first time, and he asked me what I thought he ought to do. I told him point-blank: fold his team but hold on to his territorial rights until he can get an adequate arena in which he can compete for the New York market.

I know that some people in the ABA are rooting for an eventual merger with the NBA but I realize that possibility is very remote, because the San Francisco Warriors would be very reluctant to enter into a merger deal that would let the Oaks stay in business. I have got to hope simply that our whole league can grow and improve, and eventually achieve peace and parity with the NBA, a separate-but-equal status with a common draft. After that who knows what will happen?

I appreciate, too, that the NBA is going to fight hard to prevent this. Franklin Mieuli of the Warriors dragged the Oaks through two long and costly suits before Rick Barry was finally permitted to play with us. Rick and Pat Boone went to North Carolina to try to sign our first draft choice, Bob Kauffman of Guilford College. Kauffman's lawyer

continued

had promised the Oaks that Kauffman would listen to their offer, but when Rick got to Carolina he found the lawyer had succumbed to NBA cunning and had already delivered the kid to the Seattle SuperSonics.

If they didn't already know, everybody in the ABA found out how slick the NBA can be when Elvin Hayes signed with the NBA about as quickly as Kauffman. I appreciate what formidable competition we have in the talent battle because the one man responsible for getting Hayes was that old wizard from Philadelphia, Eddie Gottlieb, who is like a favorite uncle of mine.

So I know the fight I have on my hands. But I had to accept this challenge to come to Oakland. If I didn't, and 10 years from now there were still two leagues and teams operating in both Oakland and San Francisco, I wouldn't be able to stop kicking myself.

Oakland provides me with the total commitment to a franchise that I have been searching for. I have a fine salary and was presented with 15% of the outstanding 20,000 shares. Barry holds a similar percentage. The only other substantial owners are Ken Davidson, the chairman of the board and majority stockholder, and Pat Boone, the president. We also have a top staff—headed by Bruce Hale and Scotty Stirling, who was general manager of the Oakland Raiders and knows the business of sport—but in the final analysis the Oakland Oaks are my responsibility, and that is the way I want it to be.

I have been searching for this opportunity for a decade; or, in a real sense, for all my life. My father was a small businessman, a rug cleaner, and even as a little boy I always looked forward to running my own business. That was where my contracting work was leading me when circumstances conspired to keep me in basketball. I almost surely would have stayed in the NBA, too, if it had not been for some bad timing. So I have no intention of turning on my old league just because I have left it for an opportunity.

I have always operated on the philosophy that my behavior should be managed by these priorities: first, what is best for basketball; second, what is best for my league; third, for my team; fourth, for myself. It has, then, always particularly annoyed me that so many college coaches have gone intentionally out of their way to knock the pro game. I get angrier yet when NBA teams repeatedly turn around and hire their worst critics for positions of authority. This has been especially foolish, since the NBA has traditionally produced the finest and most intelligent gentlemen in professional sports. Maybe the NBA has acted cheaply sometimes, and maybe stupidly, but it has never been bush, because the players would never let it get that way. The class of pro basketball has always been its players.

The league would rather present outsiders with authority, though. As a coach I was used, and I was denied chances to maneuver. In fact, the more I achieved as a coach, the more my success in that position seemed to militate against my being considered for executive responsibility. The NBA manages to keep its coaches pinned down as if they were under the reserve clause, too. When my contract legally expired at Syracuse in 1963, for instance, and I became the San Francisco coach, the Warriors were required to pay an indemnity to the Nationals. I was used to such things and, in fact, was accustoming myself to traveling around as much as a coach as I had as a player. From my first coaching job in St. Louis in 1956 I went to Wichita, Syracuse, San Francisco, Philadelphia and Oakland.

The switch from Syracuse to San Francisco, however, helped me decide that I should get into management along with coaching. In the last few years I have had more negotiations with more cities than Ringling Bros. Two years before the Lakers moved to Los Angeles I wrote President Podoloff strongly suggesting that the NBA should put a team in L.A. I recommended potential owners, too. In 1960, when it was obvious the league was going to expand, I was involved in trying to get a franchise in Denver, which I have always considered a potentially great basketball city. I would coach, with a piece of the action, and Johnny Dee, who is now the Notre Dame coach, would be the general manager. Negotiations broke down, however, and we never did make a serious bid. The NBA awarded the franchise to Chicago for around $200,000. The recent sale of the club (now the Baltimore Bullets) suggests that the franchise I wanted for Denver is now worth well over $2 million. That's a 1,000% profit in seven years. The L.A. franchise has returned even more. I think I had the right idea.

Houston was another possibility I considered. The NBA was committed to an orderly expansion, with its 11th franchise to be awarded for the 1968-69 season. I decided to take a short-term coaching contract after leaving the Warriors as coach in '66, so I would not be tied down then, and could bring Houston into the league. Boston was almost the city I went to. Red Auerbach called. He was quitting, and said Bill Russell was sitting next to him. Russell had agreed that he could play for me. The Celtics were then losing in the playoffs to Cincinnati, and it was agreed that if they were eliminated, Marvin Kratter, the owner, and Auerbach would fly out to see me in Kratter's jet. I told everybody I would not commit myself till after the playoffs. That cut me out of the Celtics' picture, because they beat Cincinnati to stay alive, and even before they won that series Russell began to get his own ideas about coaching. Kratter's jet never arrived.

Cincinnati entered the picture briefly, and then Irv Kosloff, the Philadelphia owner, called. I would not talk to him until he told both Dolph Schayes, who was his coach, and myself that he definitely would not rehire Schayes. Only then, and after Boston beat Los Angeles in the playoffs, did I go to Philadelphia to negotiate with Kosloff. I asked for a one-year contract and to be in charge of the front office but was turned down. I accepted instead a two-year contract, which would still let me out in time to move to Houston, with an agreement that Kosloff would consider my nominees for general manager, Schayes or Gottlieb, or he would consult with me if he wanted to select someone else. With that one understanding, I agreed to sign.

A few weeks later, at Kutsher's in the Catskills, Kosloff came down for breakfast and, beaming, told some friends of mine: "Well, I didn't have a coach and now I have two." Translated for me, that meant he had signed Jack Ramsay, the coach at St. Joseph's, to be the general manager. I was furious. As I look back on that situation now, I realize that Kosloff had a certain organizational setup in mind that he couldn't achieve if he asked me what to do. I must add, too, that, as it turned out, I found Jack to be a fine person and a fine general manager.

continued



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Stein Eriksen



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That first season at Philadelphia became the most successful of my coaching career—maybe of any coach's career. The 76ers were the best team of all time and they spent the year proving that. Besides, Kosloff and Ramsay left me in full control of the team and of scouting. If I did not have ambitions beyond coaching, I would have had no reason to leave Philadelphia.

Unfortunately, my future plans were getting blown to bits. The ABA came into existence and put a team in Houston, which cut that city out of NBA plans at the time. To fight back, the NBA not only accelerated its careful expansion scheme but doubled it, authorizing two teams for '67 instead of one for '68.

It was about this time that I had my first real contact with the ABA. It came about when I was doing a little undercover work. I wanted to find out who was after my Philadelphia players. One person I talked with was George Mikan, the ABA commissioner, whom I had coached and played against. In fact, I remember one time when George got loose on a layup in a playoff game in St. Paul and I went after him with everything I had, knocking him sprawling. He picked himself up, took off his glasses and started coming at me—and that is one of the more terrifying sights I have ever seen.

George did not mention that incident but invited me to look in on the possibility of an ABA franchise in Denver. I rationalized that I could legally do this if it was as an owner and general manager but not as coach, since my contract to coach was still in force with Philadelphia. But that never came to serious consideration as the situation in Denver was a mess. I settled for winning a second championship in my last season in Philadelphia.

Certainly, we should have won again last season. The 76ers were such a strong team that I honestly believe the best coaching virtue I showed with them was patience. Just sit and wait and eventually the power would exert itself. We lost to the Celtics for two major reasons and one sadly special one.

First, and without qualification, Boston played well and played *us* exceptionally well. Second, Billy Cunningham's loss because of a broken wrist in the preceding series finally told. Johnny Green filled in well for Billy but he had a broken finger. Since he could not shoot well with the injury, the Celtics sloughed back off him to clog the middle and double-team Chamberlain. This gave them an edge off the boards.

I had to keep the starting forwards, Luke Jackson and Chet Walker, in longer, and they tired. In addition, Luke had a hamstring pull and Chet had a touch of the flu. And Chet particularly was drained emotionally by the death of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

The assassination was the special reason I refer to. Dr. King was killed on a Thursday, and the series was to open in Philadelphia the next night. The Boston team met Friday morning before their flight, agreed that they would go ahead and play that night but that they would not play the second game, which was scheduled for Sunday. I second-guessed myself, for I should have called a team meeting Friday morning. Instead, the 76ers did not meet till they arrived at the locker room shortly before the game. Spectators were already coming into the arena when Chamberlain opened discussion and eventually brought matters to a vote. The 76ers decided, as the Celtics had, not to play Sunday, but they reluctantly agreed that—since fans were already on hand—they should play that night. By the time we went out on the floor, our emotions had been stripped raw. We were beaten, I think, before the game started.

Two weeks later, when we lost the seventh game and the series, I dragged back to my apartment. The phone rang. It was Franklin Mieuli, who wanted me to come back to San Francisco and replace Bill Sharman who had replaced me. I don't know whether I should have laughed or cried. In the two years, almost to a day, since Mieuli awoke me at 7 a.m. to tell me I was fired I had worked with Philadelphia and negotiated in one way or another with Boston, Cincinnati, San Diego, Pittsburgh, Denver and in the last few months the new NBA teams, Milwaukee and Phoenix, and the ABA teams, Oakland and Los Angeles. Why not full circle and back to San Francisco? I half expected Oshkosh to call me any minute.

I met with Mieuli a few days later but I doubt that he was really serious. All he offered was a one-year coaching contract while he broke in George Lee—whom he subsequently signed. I had spoken on several occasions with Oakland

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Owner Ken Davidson, but it was not until after I examined the 11th-hour Mieuli offer that I began to negotiate seriously with him. At last I signed. At last I had found a home of my own in professional basketball.

I'm looking forward with a special relish to competing against Mieuli because I know I can beat him. Franklin is a promoter first, and the thing he promotes most is Franklin Mieuli. I was watching on television last year when Nate Thurmond was given the Eddie Gottlieb Award as the Warrior who contributed most to the team, but Mieuli took up most of the halftime getting himself presented with a cable-car bell that he could ring at games.

It is my view that the game of basketball can stand by itself and compete as it is for the entertainment dollar. I don't think basketball needs gimmicks. In fact, I'm very concerned about the ABA's red, white and blue ball. I'm skeptical. The ABA will have to prove to me that it is good for the game. On the Oaks we're going to promote basketball first.

I was never Mieuli's man, even when I was working for him. Like Kerner at St. Louis, Franklin got stuck with me, because Eddie Gottlieb brought me in while he was still in charge. Then Eddie moved back to Philadelphia, and Mieuli took over. The trouble with trying to work for Franklin is that he wants to be the main attraction and he wants everybody to agree with him all the time. I think this was, at least, part of the reason for the breakdown in his negotiations with Barry, and it was why I got fired and why Wilt Chamberlain got traded.

Wilt was officially traded back to Philadelphia on Jan. 5, 1965, but I'll tell you the instant when I think he started on his way out of San Francisco. The season before we had moved from fourth place to the Western Division title. Wilt suggested that we all should receive a memento of the accomplishment and he proposed something unique, like a diamond stickpin, instead of the usual ring. Mieuli took Wilt's stickpin suggestion under advisement but then decided to get us all rings.

Just before the next season, '64-65, started, Wilt came down sick. I was told that a San Francisco doctor diagnosed his trouble as a possible heart ailment. Wilt was flown to Philadelphia, where his personal physician's diagnosis was that Wilt had a pancreas disorder. Meanwhile, we had already started playing what was to become a disastrous season. Mieuli at last received word that Wilt was recovered and would return in a couple of days. He wanted Wilt back in action and he wanted him happy, so he decided to get a welcome-back, get-well present for him—a beautiful custom-made diamond stickpin. Just what Wilt wanted. Chamberlain got off the plane, and Mieuli was there to meet him. As Franklin told me, he gave him the present with the warmest words of greeting and then waited, full of expectation, as Wilt stared dolefully at the stickpin. At last Wilt said, "What's this piece of ——?" and at that moment, I think, Wilt was through with the Warriors.

Mieuli completely caught me off guard when he got rid of me after the next season, though. I had been more nimble with Ben Kerner back in St. Louis in 1958, quitting as his coach before he got around to firing me. As I said, Ben didn't want me in the first place. Slater Martin, my roommate, became coach while still a full-time player. Since I was playing so little, Slater asked me to run things on the bench. But Slater, who really didn't want to coach, didn't even like that arrangement, so at last he went to Kerner and prevailed on him to give me the full coaching title.

I didn't get a raise, but Ben did set up various bonus arrangements contingent on how well we did for the rest of the season. Since we lasted seven games against the Celtics in the finals, I came out O.K., and then on the plane coming back from Boston, Kerner came right out and asked me to come back for the next season as strictly a bench coach at $10,000. That was a terrific raise for me. I hadn't made that much since I made the $11,000 I didn't make 10 years before at Oshkosh.

There must have been one or two other times after that when Ben and I found ourselves in agreement, but I can't remember them right now. For me, the last straw really came about the middle of the next season when Kerner came into the locker room one afternoon after we lost. His tie was loosened and turned all to one side of his collar and he was storming around and screaming, "You're all stealing from me," and he even picked up a couple of chairs and tossed them for emphasis. Now certainly I was used to this sort of scene. Hell,

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Les Harrison at Rochester used to *break* furniture when he got mad at the players. So I kept quiet and let Ben go on. We were in first place then and on our way to the division title, but whatever happened the rest of the year, I made up my mind that night that I would quit at the end of the season. The fact we won the world championship really did not make it any harder to leave.

That, incidentally, was the beginning of my life as a nomadic coach. Eventually I signed at $18,000 for three years to coach for Danny Biasone at Syracuse. In my career there was never anyplace like Syracuse.

Syracuse in the '50s was like the Athens of basketball, so many good coaches came out of there. Al Cervi, Paul Seymour, Johnny Kerr, Larry Costello, Dolph Schayes, Al Bianchi in the pros, George King and Bobby Harrison in college, and Paul Neumann who is an assistant, and Earl Lloyd, who may be the best of us all but who never really had a chance. If I ever decide to stop coaching at Oakland, I think I'd like to have Earl replace me. All these men learned under Biasone. It was as if you were taking a master's degree when you worked under him.

The two years I had previously played at Syracuse, 1949-51, Cervi was the coach. I learned an entirely different game from him. At Southern Cal, under Sam Barry, and in high school I had been taught to play slowdown, deliberate basketball. Syracuse played the Eastern style, which also placed a premium on possession, but had a broader definition of what constituted a good shot. Eastern shooters were so much better than those from any other section of the country that a 25-foot set shot was considered good. It was a whole new world to me.

Boston originally played a game much like that at Syracuse, although under Auerbach—and with Russell—it evolved into something different. The Rochester Royals worked pretty much in the Syracuse manner, too, but they had such a great group of guards. Bobby Davies, Bobby Wanzer, Jack McMahon, Red Holzman, Fuzzy Levane, Pep Saul—that more play was directed to the backcourt. When I played at Rochester I really learned to set screens for those long sets, and I learned to move without the ball because if you got open, you knew those guards would get it to you.

continued

The Minolta SR-T 101 35mm single lens reflex isn't a regular camera kind of camera. It's a system with a full range of accessories and interchangeable lenses, from wide angle to telephoto. (The telephoto lens shown is optional at under $200.) The camera part of the system lets you compose a picture, set aperture and shutter speed without taking your eye from the viewfinder. The SR-T 101 with a standard Rokkor f/1.7 lens and a through the lens meter is under $245 plus case. The SR-T 101 can make the difference between photography and photography.

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Guide Division

GM

When I came back to coach Syracuse myself, I added some of the Rochester guard play and some of the deliberate Sam Barry principles to the pure give-and-go Eastern game The old Syracuse style was basically a continuity offense There were really no patterns or set plays at all You tried something, and if it didn't work there were several options you moved to naturally The point was to keep going off whatever you started with originally Barry at USC had what I would call an offense of thrust You set something definite up—like a double screen (which I used with great success with the 76ers) —but if it didn't work you abandoned the idea altogether and started with something new

Anyway, I like to combine thrust and continuity offenses and I always want to run Every team I've ever had, even the big, slow one at San Francisco, I have at least instructed my players to try to run Look for the break

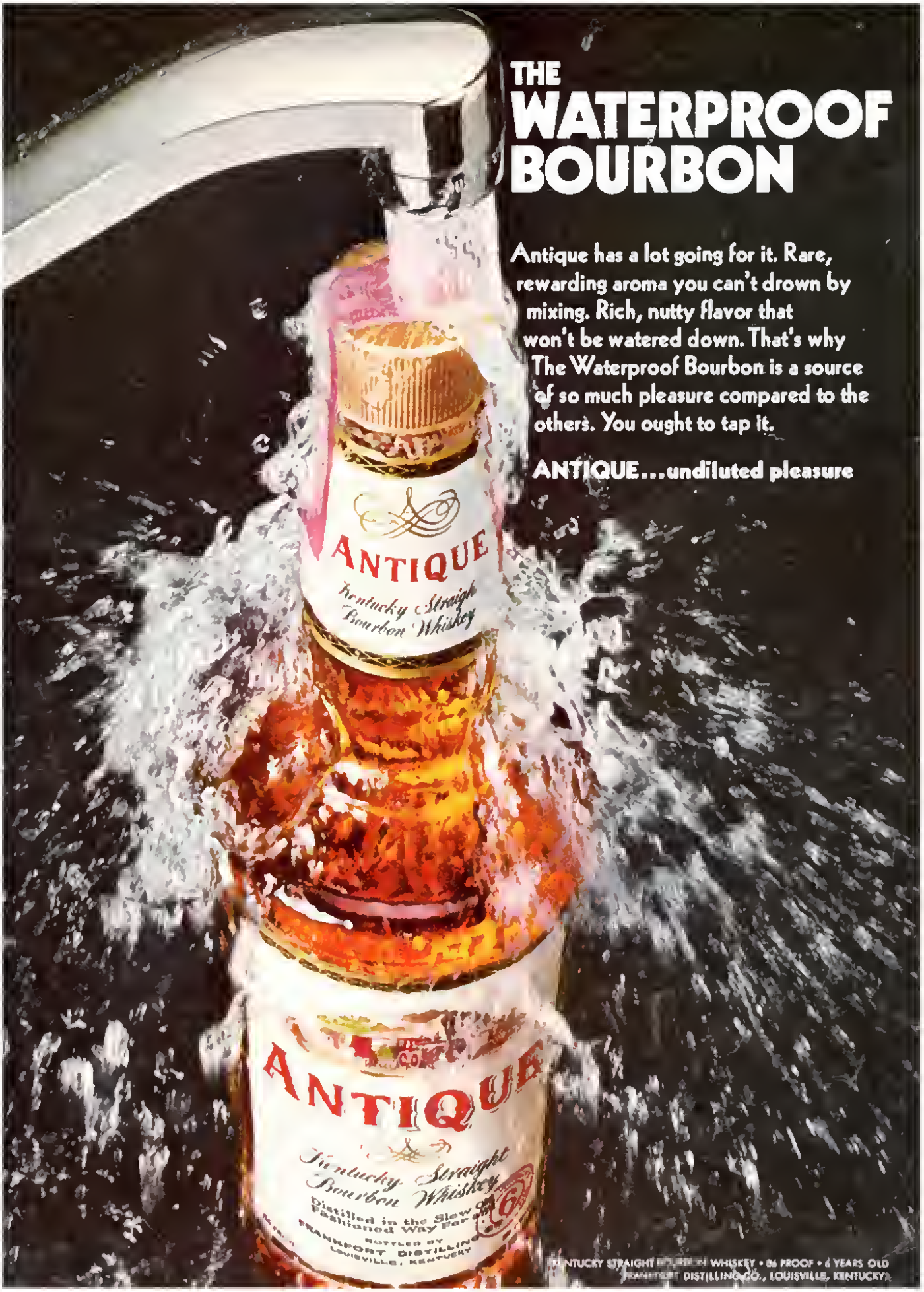
Syracuse was a great team to coach because it was a running, freewheeling group and everybody got in the act The Nationals had more talents among them than any team I ever coached I don't suppose I could ever find more satisfaction than I had with them But I disagree when people suggest I must have enjoyed coaching the Nationals more than I did the 76ers, dominated as they were by Chamberlain, and a team, they said, that wasn't my type

Well, I'll tell you, I haven't really got a type Each team, depending on its personnel, has its own best style, and that is the one I want to find I've never yet read a basketball coaching book and I've got a bunch sitting around the house that people sent me.

The real answer is that I coached Syracuse for three years, and it was great, and I loved that style, but we never had a champion I was with Wilt three full seasons, and maybe it was a little less inspiring always working that ball into the middle, but in those three seasons we won three divisional titles, one world championship and we should have won another And I have to say, that is my style

NEXT WEEK

Alex Hannum tells of the rough old days, reveals the reasons for some famous trades and scouts the problems of a changing game


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GRENOBLE
3

How to ski like Killy

The acrobatic, gymnastic maneuvering of Jean-Claude Killy—who drives for a gate at 50 miles an hour, sits back, accelerates by thrusting his feet forward, pushes onto another ski and heads for the next gate in the Olympic giant slalom—is acrobatic, gymnastic skiing beyond the ability of any other skier in the world today. But now the brink-of-disaster style that won Killy two World Cups and three Olympic gold medals has become the basis for a new system that will help any good skier run down a mountain. The new French way of skiing was unveiled at Interski, a triannual get-together of ski instructors that was held in Aspen last April with teams from 10 countries present. On the following pages Killy tells you how he skis and, with photographs of the French demonstration team, shows you how you can, by adopting these secrets of the Killy style, have more fun skiing than you ever had before.

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman







Acceleration

"Here's how you can accelerate," says Killy. "These turns, demonstrated by French instructors at Interski, are adapted from my giant slalom turn. As you come around, you gain momentum by pushing your weight onto your uphill ski, bringing your downhill arm around as a steering force, lifting your downhill ski completely, weight far forward. You plant the pole, zoom into the fall line, now parallel, feet apart for balance, and immediately start another push onto the uphill ski. The difference in this and my racing turn is body position. I shift my weight violently back and forth —something even the best racers have a hard time emulating. But any competent skier will find a new joy accelerating down a mountain like this."











Godille

"In the slalom, as here at Grenoble, I sit way back, legs apart, shoulders square, the action is the knees and the ankles," Killy says. This charging-downhill position, demonstrated by the French team, is called "godille," a word that means sculling. Every hotshot on the hill will try this wide-stance version of Austria's "Wedele" this winter. "'Wedele'? What's that?" asks Killy with a twinkle.







Avalement

"Your legs are the world's best shock absorbers," says Killy, "and absorbing the terrain is called 'avalement,' or swallowing, by the French. If I hadn't 'swallowed' the Col de la Baime in the Grenoble downhill (above) it would have devoured me. As a recreational skier you should ski more directly down a bumpy field, body low, pulling up your knees like the demonstrator (at right). If you stand straight, all is finished. Guide yourself with your knees, turning only slightly on the top of each bump."







SKIING IS NOT A BEAUTY CONTEST

by Jean-Claude Killy

Everybody has been trying to analyze the way I ski. For a long time people said that I skied as if I were recovering from disaster, and friends would say to me after a race, "Wow, Toutoune, you almost got it there, didn't you?" And I would say, "Where?" What they didn't realize was that what I was doing was right for me. I really began to bear down on my training and on every second of race after the Innsbruck Olympics, and I have always been in control ever since. If my weight was behind my skis, and it often is, and if my legs were wide apart, and they almost always are, and if I seemed to be flailing my arms, it was all a part of a way to ski faster that I had developed and which was natural for me. It worked.

When I first became a member of the French ski team in 1960, I imitated our best skiers of the time: Michel Arpin, Guy Perillat and Adrien Duvillard. Everyone then was skiing very low down, and I discovered that I became very tired skiing like that. It wasn't natural for me, so I decided to find my own way. I gradually developed a style of skiing more upright and more relaxed. It didn't come to me instantly but took years of hard work.

Everyone, racer or novice, should ski in a way natural for him. You don't walk down a street all bent, with your upper body facing sideways. If you try to ski like that all day you'll end up sleeping twisted in a knot all night. Locking your feet together may look nice but it is just as unnatural. Skiing is not *a concours de beauté*, and if it feels right to ski with your feet apart, keep them apart.

If you approach the mountains with this idea in mind and ski the way most natural for you, you will get more pleasure out of the sport. The most important thing is to be in shape before you get there. Too many people arrive at a ski area with no more preparation than when they go to the beach. They plunge down the mountain as if they were plunging into the sea, without any physical conditioning beforehand.

Accidents occur most frequently on the first day of skiing, particularly to those who have not spent at least five minutes a day getting ready. With the kind of equipment we have today, there is no reason for anyone to have an accident if he is in reasonable shape.

Few people have the time to train like a racer. But anyone should be able to find the time to run around the block or ride a bike. I find the bike a wonderful way to keep the legs in shape and often ride up and across the Col de l'Iseran from Val d'Isère and back. It takes me about three hours on the bike. Jacques Anquetil gave me.

What few people realize is that the stomach is almost as important as the legs. I could never pull myself back up onto my skis after leaning back in an accelerating turn if I didn't have strong stomach muscles. I do about 50 sit-ups every day of the year, with a light dumbbell behind my neck. Skiing is hard on the back, and a good stomach helps support it.

Of all of the items of ski equipment for the recreational skier, boots are the most important. You can ski on a mediocre ski but not with a poor boot. The best boots today are the new plastic ones, even for beginners. They cost more, but they are warmer and keep their fit better than leather. Most recreational skiers should ski on a giant slalom ski, because the giant slalom, more than any other competition, is like recreational skiing. Slalom skis are too soft and downhill skis are too hard for the average skier. I also believe in fiber-glass skis, not only for racers but for you. If any intermediate skier could ski on the pair of skis I used in the giant slalom at Grenoble, he would have found them one of the best pair he had ever used.

Most people use poles that are too long. The old rule that they should come to your armpit doesn't hold—that makes you ski too erect. Poles should be short enough and well enough balanced to swing freely and quickly, like a pendulum, for planting when you need them. Ski with both your arms and poles more forward than you have perhaps been accustomed to. Never leave the downhill arm behind your hip—it is a guide, a steering wheel, a form of balance in a turn.

Racers sharpen their edges every morning, and you should sharpen yours often as well to make your skis react properly to the snow.

It is important to ski off the piste, and in every kind of snow to feel the snow, like a swimmer feels himself carried by the water. Powder is a marvelous school for balance and for position. In powder, if you make a mistake you fall. If you have your weight on your downhill ski in powder you won't be able to make three turns.

To make progress ski a little faster than you have been skiing. Ski with someone who skies faster than you—if you don't it's as boring as playing tennis with a poor partner. Whether I am racing or not I always ski *au maximum*, but I am always in control. Remember that it is always important to be the chief. One way to ski faster is to ski a piste two or three times, getting to know all its twists, turns and humps very well, then go all out, relaxed, letting your skis do the work, with your movements as economical as possible.

Skiing is a battle against yourself, always to the frontiers of the impossible. But most of all, it must give you pleasure. It is not an obligation but a joy.

CONTINUED

© 1968 [illegible]

When the Head Ski Company launched a line of ski apparel last year, its designers were put on their mettle to match their metal. The manufacturers of the ski that revolutionized recreational skiing were determined that their clothes should have an equal cachet. A metal ski is one thing to engineer, but ski clothes are full of variables—like fit, fabric and, most variable of all, fashion.

Gear with a well-honed edge

As the clothes on the following pages show, the Head gear comes as close to being engineered as clothes can be. The nylon used in jump suits is the superstrong nylon used in computer ribbons. The layered insulation used in parkas is so efficient that a yard weighs only five and a half ounces. The two-way stretch fabric developed especially for Head pants has a backing of terrylike loops for extra warmth. Seams are triple stitched, zippers the best that Switzerland produces. All of these details make the clothes expensive, but this has not hurt business—300 stores now carry the line. The clothes were photographed at Aspen during Interski—a setting as full of style as the garments themselves.

The best news in ski fashion is the warmup suit. Racers have been pulling bulky warmup pants over their streamlined gear since Squaw Valley 1960. Head has streamlined the warmup itself and made it a one-piece jump suit meant to ski in. Suki Whittemore, Ann Burrows and Chip Fisher top their warmups with helmets to achieve a spaceman look.





The Head skiwear line includes everything a skier might need down to his long johns. For cold standing-around Ann Burrows (opposite page), shown watching the demonstrations at Interski, wears a maxilength nylon trench coat warmed up with a lynx collar. Betsy Glenn of the U.S. Interski squad wears the silver-and-black jump suit Head made for the team. The one-piece belted men's racing suit worn by Clay Freeman is made of two-way-stretch fabric. On this page Janet Sanders wears a racing shell with Head's over-the-boot pants, and Chip Fisher and Ann Burrows wear insulated vests over Head's sweater and jersey shirt.




TO: SEIBERTS CUT-OFF
COPPER TRAIL

Tom Dunne and Bud Ortoga (left) head for a run in Aspen powder wearing Head's high-necked sweaters and radical pants. They are cinched under the boot and have seams fore and aft instead of on the sides. Chip Fisher and Suki Whittemore (right) wear racing pants made skintight by two-way stretch. Both of their parkas have action-back inserts of stretch nylon knit.



Where to buy the clothes

The warmup suits on page 59 are made of dense waterproof nylon insulated with polyester and foam. The action-back and waist inserts are of stretch nylon. There are zippers down both sides to allow jump suits to be donned with your boots on. The women's suit is $95, the men's $98. On the following two pages Ann Burrows' double-breasted coat with detachable collar is $140. The Adolpho lynx hat is $275. Betsy Glenn's jump suit is $140. Clay Freeman's racing suit with front and back seams and a stand-up collar is $200. The double-nylon racing shell worn by Janet Sanders is $45. Her pants are of imported stretch with leather patches where the boots rub and zippers at heel for snug fit. They cost $60. Chip Fisher's zippered vest is shown over a double-knit V-neck sweater. His warmup pants have two full-length zippers. The vest is $30, the sweater $36 and the pants $35. Ann's vest has a snap closure and costs $30. It is worn over a wool-jersey ski shirt that costs $30. On the facing page Tom Dunne's sweater is a triple-knit with terry-loop backing for extra warmth. It costs $52. Bud Ortega's sweater is double-knit and costs $60. Their pants are $60. Chip Fisher's and Suki Whittemore's parkas (*above*) are $55 each, their pants $75. The helmets are by Bell-Toptex and Swooper, goggles by Norski and Head, gloves by Head. The Head ski wear can be found at Alpenhaus, Sacramento; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Hudson's Ski Shop, Detroit; Osborn & Ulland, Seattle; Carroll Reed Ski Shops, North Conway, N. H.; Saks Fifth Avenue, Aspen and New York; Ski Inc., Denver; Streeter & Quarles, Boston and Montreal; Sturtevant of Sun Valley, Idaho.

The Alabama quality of mercy was strained

Only the gentle rain fell from heaven onto Birmingham as the state's two major teams, Alabama and Auburn, whipped visitors from LSU and Tennessee in a wet day-night doubleheader **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

There is a fine Gothic gloom to rainy November days in Birmingham. Clouds hang low on the earth and make a clammy, gray shroud, which nearly obscures the fiery furnaces in the city's vast landscape of steel mills and ironworks. It is easier, however, to dim the flames of Birmingham than to dull its passion, which, on any November day, is football. And so it was last Saturday. Though the city lay dark and brooding, it really remained quite as it should be on this day of days—all gussied up and bright and cheerful.

For it was on this day that Birmingham was going to lay lasting claim to being The Football Capital of the South. It was the day to satisfy the appetite of even the most gluttonous Alabama fan, with a Siamese extravaganza that first matched Birmingham's beloved Alabama against LSU, then followed after dark with a game between nearby Auburn and undefeated Tennessee.

The Southeastern Conference title might be won or lost right there on Birmingham's Legion Field, a big, green, oval pit that city fathers hope to fill soon with Birmingham's own professional football team. Bowl bids hung in the more immediate balance, and there were scouts from no fewer than seven bowls on hand. Even the losers might get some invitations.

People were coming from all around to see the spectacle. There wasn't a hotel room vacant for 80 miles in any direction, and there were local rooters so enthusiastic about the doubleheader that they predicted its panoramic appeal would surpass the Super Bowl, the Olympics and perhaps even several major campaigns of World War II. Even more to the point, a band of go-getters called the Downtown Action Committee (also known as "your trade and traffic boys") had used the doubleheader as a kickoff to a citywide, hard-sell retail merchants' campaign that would last until New Year's Day. "Get off your duff . . . get goin' . . . lick your chops . . . parade the merchandise," urged the Downtown Action pamphlets. Their best chop-licking guess was that some $4.2 million would be spent in Birmingham during the doubleheader weekend. The word "fabulous" was used to merciless excess. At a luncheon the day before the games a local preacher asked the Lord to bless the "progress and profits" resulting from the weekend, and when Governor Albert Brewer welcomed visitors he added earnestly, "We want you to spend a LOT of money while you're here."

Well, of course, then it dawned dark on Saturday, with the rain falling steadily and that bone-aching dampness all around. Most places, people would be content to stay home and let The Football Capital of the South go by default to Baton Rouge. Ah, but not in Birmingham. No, football is a staple of life, a sociological necessity, an emotional outlet in what they call the land of LBJ—meaning the Little Bitty Judge, the one named George Wallace. Beyond that, there is an abiding and unchanging, almost reflexive, attitude of optimism around Birmingham, which simply will not see that it is raining.

Thus it was that high-spirited crowds streamed through the pelting rain into Legion Field last Saturday. Shivering in the chill beneath thousands of dripping

continued



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umbrellas that sprouted through the stadium, they apparently never even considered the possibility that the day was not fit for dogs. At high noon it was so dusky that the lights were turned on. Bear Bryant came clad in a stunning full-length crimson rainsuit. The Alabama marching band stayed crouched in the stands during halftime, because it was feared that the band would chew up the soggy surface if it performed. Still, incredibly, there were 67,292 sodden fans there for the afternoon game and that night another 68,821 turned out to see Tennessee-Auburn. It was, as the Downtown Action boys would say, fabulously fabulous.

The football was less impressive—especially in the first game. This year is not one of Coach Bryant's typically marvelous ones. Alabama had lost two games—to Ole Miss and Tennessee—and before Saturday it was considered possible that after nine straight years in a bowl a Bryant team would at last go uninvited. Alabama's main problem had been to find a quarterback. Any quarterback. Bryant had finally settled on sophomore Scott Hunter, who was sufficient but by no means miraculous. LSU, on the other hand, went into the game without its top quarterback, Freddie Haynes, who dislocated a bone in his wrist last week. It was the fifth time in his six years at LSU that Coach Charlie McClendon had lost his top quarterback before the season was over.

Thus it was on Saturday, with rain still spitting down, that Alabama's Hunter got his team off to a 6-0 lead, with barely three minutes gone, by tossing an 11-yard pass to Fullback Pete Jilleba. Then, with fair ease—if not much color—he jockeyed the Tide into position in the second half for a field goal and another touchdown to clip LSU 16-7. Drab though the offense was at times, Alabama's defense was excellent and, though the halcyon days of Namath-Stabler are no more, no one is willing to bet that Alabama will not get a bowl shot this year, too. Indeed, even LSU, which is now 5-3, could wind up 7-3 on the season—and many a bowl game has featured teams with marks like that.

The intermission between games was a slurdy four hours, and by special Birmingham law the stadium had to be completely emptied in the interim. Although total attendance for the spectacular was 136,113, there were plenty of people who saw both ends of the bill. Most of the recidivists just stayed in the neighborhood. Some picked up a plate of fried chicken cooked up in a nearby armory by ladies of the Charity League; others went into a large tent erected across from the stadium. No, it was not a revival meeting. A local bank, apparently stimulated by the Downtown Action ideas, had set it up to serve cocktails and a buffet, along with dance music.

By the time the Tennessee-Auburn finale was under way, the rain had all but stopped, and the field, covered between games, was in reasonably good condition—although the green coloring used to dye the patches of bare dirt in the center had mixed into the soil so much that the camouflage no longer worked. Both teams are blessed with better-than-average quarterbacks—Tennessee's Bubba Wyche is a fine passer, and Auburn's Loran Carter led the SEC in total offense last year. Indeed, they were fairly equally matched, but Tennessee was unequally smitten with a stunning series of bad breaks early in the game—not the least of which was the loss of Richmond Flowers after he sprained an ankle on the opening kickoff. Flowers is the team's fastest halfback, and his departure on any occasion immediately reduces the range of Tennessee's offensive potential. The only other time this year that Tennessee failed to win was in the opening tie with Georgia, and Flowers missed that game, too. His departure, plus two fumbles, a pass interception and a couple of penalties gave Auburn a considerable advantage.

Even though Carter's passing was erratic much of the time, he did a good job of using the breaks Tennessee gave him, handing off once to Tailback Mike Currier for a touchdown and hitting him twice with passes in the end zone. With less than three minutes gone in the second quarter, Auburn led 21-0, and Tennessee must have felt as if it had played both ends of the doubleheader. Before the half ended, though, Wyche rallied the Vols with one touchdown pass, then threw for another halfway into the third quarter. Now it was 21-14—a brand-new nightcap. Auburn's offense had turned remarkably sour (indeed, the Tigers got just one first down in all of the second half). Carter's passes were going awry again and again—except for one. On the first play of the fourth quarter he flipped a gorgeous pass to Split End Tim Christian who sprinted into the end zone, a 49-yard play that made it 28-14 for Auburn—too much for the weary Wyche to overcome.

The Auburn defense, led brilliantly by Linebackers Mike Kolen and Bobby Strickland and a savage tackle named Dave Campbell, was superb all night long, putting constant pressure on Wyche and, in general, making a shambles of Tennessee's offense—and of its undefeated record and of its No. 5 national ranking. Conversely, Auburn just might have a chance now to win the SEC title—assuming it can pull off an upset over Georgia and then whip Alabama back on Legion Field.

Well, of course, come rain or chill or darkness at noon, the Birmingham doubleheader was an unqualified success, particularly for Alabamians who could scarcely contain themselves over seeing both of their home-state teams come out on top. "Hell," shouted one delirious rooter as he left, "we so damn happy we jes' rootin' aroun' in hawg heaven." Then he looked up in the sky and saw that, for the first time all that gloomy weekend, the moon was out—shining fabulously for all it was worth on The Football Capital of the South

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (7-0)
2. MICHIGAN (7-1)
3. KANSAS (7-1)

Overhead, a chill wind blew a clutch of balloons labeled *Orange Bowl Bound* out of Kansas Stadium. Overland, a few seconds later, came Steve Owens of Oklahoma, barging into the end zone to deny Kansas an unbeaten season and possibly a trip to the Orange Bowl. Owens, who scored the decisive touchdown in the 27-23 victory with 4:14 left, also threw a touchdown pass. That came after Sooner Offensive Coach Barry Switzer, noting a Jayhawk halfback's tendency to move up too quickly on running plays, had suggested a halfback pass. Oklahoma Coach Chuck Fairbanks spoke of his team's buildup for the game in ethereal terms, saying, "It was like electricity forming." Judging from the result, the Sooners got a charge out of it.

Missouri thus moved into the lead in the Big Eight, but will have to contend with the aroused Sooners themselves this week. The

continued



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Tigers went to the top by beating Iowa State 42–7. Two other conference powers were stunned, Nebraska by Kansas State 12–0 and Colorado by Oklahoma State 34–17.

There were also shocks in the Big Ten, although Ohio State had no difficulty whipping Wisconsin 43–8, even with No. 1 passer Rex Kern sidelined. Ron Maciejowski, filling in for Kern, completed 13 of 19 passes and ran for 124 yards and three scores. Asked if his team's 301 yards rushing meant he was returning to his three-yards-and-a-cloud offense, Coach Woody Hayes replied, "Might be. That's what I call my Neanderthal offense." Indiana won another close one, scoring with 52 seconds left to upset Michigan State 24–22. It was Minnesota, however, that pulled the top surprise by downing Purdue. Jim Carter scored each of the first three times the Gophers had the ball, and the Boilermakers went down 27–13. Iowa's Ed Podolak set a Big Ten record, gaining 286 yards in a 68–34 rampage against Northwestern. Michigan got its seventh straight by polishing off Illinois 36–0.

With Notre Dame's Terry Hanratty out with a torn knee ligament that required surgery, his understudies went to work on Pittsburgh. Sophomore Quarterback Joe Theismann scored twice and erstwhile Quarterback Coley O'Brien, switched to halfback, went over three times. Not even a fast second-half clock, which was kept running on incompleted passes, could save the Panthers from a 56–7 licking.

Unbeaten Ohio University trailed Bowling Green 27–14 with 4:20 to go in their Mid-American Conference game, then scored a touchdown, recovered an onside kick and won it 28–27 on a 48-yard run by Cleve Bryant. Xavier also scored late to overcome Toledo 20–10, and Kent State defeated Marshall 36–12. Miami of Ohio blanked Dayton 14–0. Cincinnati beat Louisville 37–7 in a Missouri Valley game.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (6-1-1)
2. ARKANSAS (7-1)
3. HOUSTON (4-1-2)

Anyway, there was no bombing pause in Texas. A total of 244 points was scored in four Southwest Conference games. The SWC wound up with a peck of offensive records in tatters, but with Texas, Arkansas, SMU and Texas Tech still tied for first place. Arkansas and SMU will meet head on this week and both warmed to the task with easy wins. Bill Montgomery set an Arkansas season mark for total yardage (1,622) as he hit on 15 of 23 passes for 266 yards to give the Razorbacks a 46–21 win over Rice. For SMU the record smashers were Mike Richardson and Jerry Levias. Richardson carried 39 times (an SWC alltime high) for 244 yards and scored four touchdowns as the Mustangs forsook their usual passing attack to hand Texas A&M its most decisive defeat of the year 36–23. Levias, although held to five receptions and 59 yards, established an SWC career mark for pass-catching yardage (2,095). Tech won over TCU the hard way. The Red Raiders, who had 15 players bothered by flu, trailed 14–0 at the end of one period but still came back to win 31–14. Joe Matulich got the Raiders started with a seven-yard scoring pass before having to leave the game. In came Tom Sawyer, another flu victim, who tossed a four-yarder for another touchdown and later, on an apparent third-down punt, he threw a 71-yarder to Bobby Allen. Texas was behind 13–12 to Baylor at the half, but the Longhorn runners were only delayed on their way to accumulating 557 yards and winning 47–26. Chris Gilbert, who picked up 212 yards, and Steve Worster each scored three times.

A passing duel between North Texas State's Steve Ramsey (20 of 37 for 376 yards and five touchdowns) and Texas-El Paso's Brooks Dawson (28 of 52 for 401 yards and four touchdowns) was settled by a field goal. Bernie Barbour won for North Texas 34–31 with his 22-yarder in the last 10 seconds. But the highest scoring of all came in a 53–36 win by West Texas State over Western Michigan, a game in which Mercury Morris flew for 260 yards.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (7-0)
2. ARMY (5-3)
3. YALE (7-0)

Penn State Coach Joe Paterno came out with an unbalanced line against Miami to tantalize the visitors. He also told his Lions to run away from Ted Hendricks, Miami's All-America defensive end. Not everything worked according to plan, though, and the Hurricanes took a 7–0 lead on Quarterback David Olivo's 78-yard pass to Flanker Ray Bellamy. Paterno quickly scrapped his offensive innovation, and when Tony Cline, Miami's other good defensive end, went out with a knee injury, the Lions began taking liberties with his replacements. The hustling Penn State defense, led by sophomore Linebacker Jack Ham, who blocked a kick and recovered a fumble, kept stopping Miami and held the Hurricanes to only 20 yards in the second half. On offense, while Hendricks watched helplessly, Halfbacks Charlie Pittman and Bob Campbell kept sweeping the opposite end. Pittman ran for 123 yards, scored three touchdowns and the unbeaten Lions won their seventh game, 22–7. Miami Coach Charlie Tate was impressed. "This is the best team we've faced," he said in admiration, "better than USC."

Hopeful Boston College, with sophomore Quarterback Red Harris flinging the ball all over Michie Stadium—he eventually completed 37 of 57 passes for 374 yards—

was ahead of Army 13–10 in the second quarter. Then the Cadets began attacking in earnest. Fullback Charlie Jarvis ran for 253 yards, breaking Glenn Davis' 23-year-old one-game rushing record, and scored on a 46-yard run. Lynn Moore returned a kick 79 yards, Quarterback Steve Lindell passed for two touchdowns and the Cadets shot down the forlorn Eagles 58–25.

Syracuse marched for touchdowns the first two times it got the ball, and then William and Mary collapsed completely. Halfback John Godbolt ran for three scores in an easy 31–0 victory. Coach Ben Schwartzwalder was not pleased, however, that his quarterbacks were intercepted four times. "I guess the dirty truth is we're just an average ball club," he admitted.

The Yale-Harvard classic for the Ivy League title was building up as both teams remained unbeaten. The Elis, with Quarterback Brian Dowling throwing two touchdown passes and picking up 206 yards in total offense, beat Penn 30–13. Harvard, however, had trouble with Princeton. A Tiger fourth-and-one gamble that missed on their 49-yard line set up the winning touchdown for the Crimson in a 9–7 game. Cornell hammered Brown 31-0, while Columbia's one-game winning streak ended abruptly. Although Lion Quarterback Marty Domres broke the Ivy career total offense record—he has 3,777 yards—Dartmouth won handily 31–19.

Rutgers Coach John Bateman was busy thanking himself for turning over the quarterback job to Rich Policastro. The new signal caller passed for three touchdowns and that, along with Bryant Mitchell's 157 yards running, was enough to beat Connecticut 27–15. Holy Cross, catching Massachusetts in a down year, defeated the Redmen 47–20. Colgate and Bucknell did everything in a big way before the Raiders won 48–34. Colgate's Dom Fischer carried 54 times for 265 yards and three touchdowns, Bucknell's Sam Havrilak had 397 yards in total offense, both teams accounted for 954 yards.

SOUTH

1. GEORGIA (6-0-2)
2. AUBURN (6-2)
3. TENNESSEE (5-1-1)

In one of the more unusual moves of the year, Florida Coach Ray Graves switched heads. That is, he put head defensive coach, Gene Ellenson, in charge of the offense and head offensive coach, Ed Kensler, in command of the defense. The transplant was part of a plan to revive a Gator offense that had scored just 34 points in losing its last three games. Alas, Florida failed to score for the first time in five years, and the defense gave up more points than any Gator team in 26 seasons as Georgia won 51–0.

Kentucky, too, did not score, losing to Vanderbilt 6–0 in another Southeastern Conference game, even though Dicky Lyons set an NCAA career runback record. Lyons, who had returns of 34 and nine yards, raised his kick-runback yardage to 2,208. The Commodores got the only touchdown on a three-yard run by Dave Strong. Mississippi Quarterback Don Farrar, filling in for injured Archie Manning, ran for 107 yards and two touchdowns as the Rebels stopped Chattanooga 38–16. Bill Cappleman's three scoring passes enabled Florida State to defeat Mississippi State 27–14.

Atlantic Coast Conference quarterbacks had assorted misfortunes. Clemson defenders dropped Maryland passers for 74 yards in losses as the Tigers won 16–0 and moved into position to take their third straight ACC title. North Carolina Quarterback Rick Lanier, rolling out to pass, tripped over the referee in a 41–6 loss to Virginia in a game in which Frank Quayle and Jeff Anderson each scored twice. Leo Hart of Duke had his jersey ripped off and, even worse, twice failed to score after driving to the North Carolina State one-yard line in a 17–15 loss. And Quarterback Freddie Summers of Wake Forest had four of his throws stolen by Pat Watson (an ACC record) as South Carolina pulled off a 34–21 upset. The one quarterback who did escape trouble was South Carolina's 5′ 9″ Tommy Suggs, who tossed four touchdown passes—three of them to Johnny Gregory.

Memphis State players could be forgiven if they thought they saw tank tracks in the turf after Houston runners hacked out 430 yards and a 27–7 win. Five interceptions and four fumble recoveries kept the Cougars in possession most of the afternoon as Paul Gipson gained 140 yards. As for Georgia Tech players, it was more a case of being outpaddled by the Navy ballcarriers in a rainy battle at Atlanta. The Middies, rated as two-touchdown underdogs on dry land, emerged as 35-15 victors with anchors aweigh. Dan Pike sloshed for 141 yards, and Mike Lettieri skimmed 79 for a touchdown with a punt return.

Two Southern Conference squads—Richmond and The Citadel—lost to two independents, the Spiders falling to Virginia Tech 31–18, the Bulldogs to West Virginia 17–0. Tulane beat Tulsa 25–15, when Wayne Francingues threw a scoring pass late in the fourth quarter.

WEST

1. USC (7-0)
2. OREGON STATE (6-2)
3. CALIFORNIA (5-2-1)

"We're not nervous," said USC Coach John McKay the day before his No. 1-ranked Trojans played California, "we're scared." But McKay, an old kidder, was only fooling. He wasn't scared, he was mad. What rankled McKay was a prediction by Stanford's John Ralston that USC would be beaten

continued



by Cal's good defense, one of the best in the nation. The Bears had given up only an average of 90.1 rushing yards and 5.6 points a game. "All we heard was what a great lineman Ed White, the middle guard, was," said O. J. Simpson later, "so we went out to blast him." O.J. took care of that personally. He ran his first five plays directly at White for gains, and after that the Cal defense was easy for the Trojans. Led by Simpson, who scored on touchdown runs of 39 and seven yards, USC ripped through California's highly touted line. And for variety, Quarterback Steve Sogge, throwing mostly to sophomore Bob Chandler, a replacement for injured Flanker Jim Lawrence, picked apart the Bears' secondary. Sogge completed 10 passes, eight of them to Chandler, and threw for three touchdowns as USC coasted to a 35–17 victory.

Despite USC's unbeaten record, it seems there is one crisis after another for the Trojans. The next one is Oregon State, Saturday in Los Angeles, in a Pacific Eight showdown that almost certainly will put the winner in the Rose Bowl. OSU Coach Dee Andros, who knows what to expect from UCLA's Tommy Prothro, warned his team, "he'll throw some new wrinkle at us right away." Sure enough, Prothro did—a tricky spread formation that broke Halfback Mickey Cureton loose for 38 yards on the first play and set up a touchdown. The Bruins also scored on Halfback Greg Jones's 101-yard kickoff return, but they still were behind 24–21 at the half. Then OSU got its ball-control game really going. With Fullback Bill Enyart bulling inside the tackles and Wingback Billy Main getting away behind trap blocks, the Beavers kept the ball for all but three plays in the third quarter and one of those was a UCLA safety. Enyart, Main and Larry Watson scored, and Oregon State won 45–21. How does Andros feel about USC? "Well, we take nothing away from them," he said, "but we give nothing to them either."

The rumor in Palo Alto was that Stanford Coach Ralston's job was in jeopardy. After a brilliant start the Indians had lost three and tied one, and a scalp could have been in danger. But against Washington, sophomore Don Bunce—who took over when Quarterback Jim Plunkett bruised his rib cage—and Flanker Gene Washington teamed up to ease the tension. Bunce ran for one score and passed for three touchdowns, two of them to Washington, as Stanford beat the Huskies 35–20. Oregon, meanwhile, defeated Washington State 27–13.

With Wyoming, the Western AC leader, idle, Arizona State took the opportunity to stay in the race, routing Utah 59–21. Arizona, still unbeaten in the WAC, defeated Air Force 14–10, but Brigham Young was overpowered by Utah State 34–8.

San Diego State, unbeaten and No. 1 among the small colleges, took on Southern Mississippi, a major college. Dennis Shaw completed 17 passes for 524 yards and seven touchdowns as San Diego won in big-league fashion 68–7. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Against unbeaten Kansas, Tailback Steve Owens of Oklahoma ran 37 times for 157 yards, caught four passes for 42, threw a touchdown pass and scored twice himself. His second touchdown won the game 27–23.

THE LINEMAN: USC Defensive Tackle Al Cowlings made California's Randy Humphries his personal quarry. He caught him three times for 22 yards in losses, deflected a pass and also got in on five other tackles.

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◆

Contusions and abrasions were the order of the night on the *Tonight* show recently when host **Johnny Carson** came on stage somewhat battered from his tries at eight of the 10 events with decathlon Olympic gold-medal winner Bill Toomey, and High Jumper Dick Fosbury, who also won a gold, left the stage somewhat the worse for wear after a nasty spill. During a rehearsal jump Fosbury made it comfortably over a bar set at 6′ 4″, but between the run-through and real-life taping zealous grips nipped in to buff the stage's vinyl tile. Fretting and faltering as always, Fosbury finally made his run at the bar and slipped, going down like W. C. Fields hitting a greased bowling lane. "That was the *real* Fosbury flop," said the Oregon flier, after which the bar was lowered, the tiles removed and he did that crazy backward thing of his. Carson? Toomey ran him into the ground—literally—in the 100-meter dash. "Here's Johnny" responded to his opening curtain call with scraped hands and knees.

President-Elect **Richard Nixon** and Vice-President Non-Elect **Edmund Muskie** do have one thing in common. They are both only fair golfers who nevertheless have made holes in one. Muskie's was a No. 5 iron shot on the 153-yard 11th hole of the Webhannet Golf Club in Kennebunk Beach, Me., made this past summer, which means he is in the running for a free trip to Scotland in January. It is doubtless with mixed feelings that the Senator finds himself free to go.

Rear Admiral **Benigno Varela**, retired from the Argentine navy, and **Yolivan Biglieri**, editor of an Argentine newspaper, recently engaged in a duel to settle a question of honor. Stripped to the waist, the two had at one another with sabers, and both suffered flesh wounds before the duel master, Dr. Ernesto Sammartino, called a halt to the proceedings. Who won? Never mind. Under the *code duello* the idea is to satisfy one's honor, not necessarily to win. Or, as Avery Brundage might put it, to participate.

◆ "I *have* cheated a bit," **Princess Grace** announced forthrightly, but what's the good of being a princess if you are allowed no special privileges? She and Prince Rainier turned up as surprise contenders in this year's London-Brighton run for veteran cars. Their 1903 De Dion Bouton had been shown as entered by one Richard Bryant, but on the day of the rally it proved to be Prince Rainier, with Grace and their children, who intended to drive. Rainier and Albert went the 52-mile distance, but the weather was cold, and Grace, Caroline and Stephanie opted out in the London suburbs, rejoining the men for the end of the run. Racing driver Stirling Moss was also entered, with one of the most powerful cars in the field, a 60-hp Mercedes, but Mr. Derek Horsfield of Halifax arrived first in Brighton, in an 1898 De Dion Bouton tricycle.

California Featherweight **Frankie Crawford**'s manager is TV hero Bob Conrad, who has longed all his life to fight professionally. It is a little late now, so Conrad, at 33, keeps fit by boxing some 20 rounds a week and mixing it up with his fighter between shooting scenes of *Wild, Wild West*. Conrad bought Crawford's contract and passed the California manager's test, answering 88 of the 90 questions correctly, but three days later his fighter flunked. He lost the state featherweight title to Dwight Hawkins in the eighth.

The elections were a mixed bag for onetime athletes. Former Kansas State basketball star **Rick Harman** failed to unseat Democratic Governor Robert Docking of Kansas, and oldtime Braves Shortstop **Johnny Logan** was defeated in the race for Milwaukee sheriff. But former Olympic decathlon star and current California Republican **Bob Mathias** won another term in the U. S. Congress, and ex-Dodger **Mickey Owen**, who on Oct. 5, 1941 dropped the ball, was re-elected on Nov. 5, 1968 sheriff of Greene County, Mo. And a new face in the House of Representatives is former fireballing Cardinal southpaw **Wilmer (Vinegar Bend) Mizell**, who ran as a staunchly anti-Communist, anti-federal-spending Republican in North Carolina. His arrival in Congress is doubly ominous from the Democrats' point of view. What their House baseball team, which has already lost five straight to the GOP, does not need is a taste of Vinegar.

◉ **King Frederik of Denmark** hunts five times a year, and on his guest list for the first outing of the season were his daughter, Benedikte, and son-in-law, Prince Richard. The King of Denmark has hunting rights in all the state forests of Denmark, but the game shot on a royal hunt belongs to the state and the local forester. The day's bag is put up for public sale, and if his majesty would like for dinner what he shot in the afternoon, *noblesse* (and the law) *oblige* that he buy it back.

◉





Rough day off Old Man Shoals

When the November winds sweep over the sandbars near Nantucket, only fervid fishermen venture out for striped bass that swarm there

Thirty-five miles south of Cape Cod's elbow, just off the southeast tip of Nantucket Island, a 10-mile-long stretch of shifting sandbars called Old Man Shoals churns the Atlantic into a convulsive horror for boatmen. It is cold off Nantucket in late fall. When the wind comes down from the north or northeast, Old Man Shoals is not a good place to be—that is, unless you happen to be a striped bass or one of that obsessed army who must pursue this most charismatic of East Coast game fish regardless of the cost. Why the name Old Man Shoals? No one seems to know, but after spending a day there in a November gale I offer this explanation. It is called Old Man because of the way it makes you feel when you fish there this time of year. You are soaked and chilled from a biting shower of salt spray, bruised and sore from being thrown around in the boat's cockpit by mountainous waves and, woe of woes, seasick.

In November, over the bars and shoals of Nantucket's east and southeast shore, huge schools of migrating stripers linger on until the third week of the month in some years, long after others of their species have yielded to cold water and northeast storms and disappeared to the south. No one is certain why they remain or from where they have come; but they are there, and they are hungry. Mindful of the market price of the delicately flavored bass, a few charter-boat skippers single-mindedly chase them from dawn to dusk through waters that would keep a destroyer at dockside. Their sport-fishing parties gone for the year, these modern Ahabs head for Nantucket and a physically taxing combination of sporting and commercial madness.

The most persistent and well-known of the striped-bass zealots is Irving (Bud) Henderson, skipper of the 30-foot Mackenzie bass boat, *Li'l Darlin'*, based at Harwich's Wychmere Harbor. A Boston outdoor writer who had gone out with him a year ago reported that in less than seven hours they had landed 1,000 pounds of bass, some as large as 35 pounds. All but a few of the fish had been taken on handlines. I wondered what a big bass would feel like at the end of a handline, with no reel drag or rod to absorb its powerful rushes.

Bud Henderson agreed to take me out the first week of November; we would leave the harbor before dawn. At 2:30 a.m. the thermometer at my home outside of Boston read 36°, and I remembered it was November and I was going fishing 30 miles at sea. I had been ice fishing in warmer weather.

At 5 a.m., in the dark beside the pier, the radio in Bud Henderson's boat forecast northeast winds from 25 to 35 mph, the perfect prescription for trouble in the waters we were to fish. The skippers of two other boats listened to the forecast and climbed into their cars and went back home to bed. But Henderson had been averaging about $100 worth of bass each day, and he was going fishing. Heading into dark Nantucket Sound, the boat rose and fell in six-foot swells, and three or four times each minute it was like coming to a sudden stop in a high-speed elevator. At 6:15, while going through a rip west of Monomoy Island, a wave broke completely over the boat. Waves of 10 to 12 feet crashed wildly by on all sides. "Look ahead!" Henderson shouted. "Don't look back unless you wanna get scared. You know who the smart fishermen were today, don't you?" he added. "The ones who stayed home. It's too rough to turn back, so we might as well fish." I grinned weakly, trying to ignore hints of wooziness at the bottom of my rib cage.

Now it was light enough to see seven or eight miles in any direction, and in all that water ours was the only boat. Bob Luce, a Boston machinist who hadn't gone a week without striper fishing in eight months, ducked into the cabin and came out with five 125-foot coils of nylon monofilament handline, three testing 180 and two testing 80 pounds. To each of these was tied a size 7/0 lead-head No-Alibi lure.

Three miles to the southwest Nantucket's Great Point was visible for the first time. The previous Friday afternoon Henderson had taken 1,280 pounds of bass, including a 54-pounder, from the rips just west of the point. We cruised slowly two miles off the beach. Once I was sure I had seen at least an acre of feeding bass on the other side of the

continued



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rip, and Al Ristori, a Garcia Fishing Tackle representative, kept seeing diving birds. Bud Henderson called no false alarms though, and we perked up when he suddenly gunned the engine and pointed to the southwest. Just over a mile away, what looked like a little cloud with a thousand wings was hovering over a very rough stretch of water. This was our first glimpse of Old Man Shoals.

Three of the lines were fastened to points along the stern, and the other two to 14-foot outriggers. Foot-long pieces of heavy, stretchy rubber at the boat end of the lines would act as cushions against the strikes of large fish. Henderson tipped each lure with a five-inch strip of pork rind, and as the boat neared the rip we threw all five lines over. We stood with our legs braced against the gunwales of the pitching boat, jerking the lines back and forth to make the lures breathe, and waiting tensely and expectantly.

We edged alongside the shoals, and suddenly there were fish flying through the air, bouncing off our backs, hitting against our legs. In less than two minutes eight bass flopped onto the deck. None was under 10 pounds; one was more than three feet long and looked to be at least 30 pounds, far larger than any I had ever caught. It was a mesmerizing scene and all I could do was stare at the fish.

Henderson's voice cut short my reverie. "Hey, grab your outrigger line," he shouted into my ear as he lobbed a 15-pound striper into the fish box. I snatched the line from the outrigger, jerked in a foot or two and then had it yanked away. I felt like a child with a Great Dane on a leash. It was embarrassing. Bob Luce had two more bass in the boat and I was still working on this one. Luce edged over, and together we hauled the fish, hand over hand, to the side of the boat, where Henderson gaffed it, a 27-pound striper. I was uneasy killing such a wonderful fish without giving it a real chance.

For a moment I watched other bass being drawn toward the boat—making short, powerful rushes, futile against the heavy line—and then being yanked over the gunwales to beat out their lives in the fish box. Some of the bass had been hooked deep in the gills, and there was blood everywhere. Once when we edged into the main part of the rip I slipped twice on the deck of the wildly lurching boat. Each time I rose and grabbed the line—throbbing with life—from the outrigger pole. Now in the mood and getting the knack of retrieving the line with long, tightly gripped strokes, I managed to boat a 10- and a 15-pound bass and to grab an unmanned stern line and haul in the first of the day's four bluefish.

Suddenly the fish stopped striking, and the birds that had been hovering just at the wave tops now rose high in the air and spread out over perhaps three acres to search for a new feeding area. A fish box four feet long, four feet deep and three feet wide had been filled with bass, and seven or eight more lay on deck.

As we began heading slowly southwest along the seaward edge of Old Man Shoals we hit even rougher water, and my stomach began to turn again. Every two or three minutes the boat would sink into a trough between eight- to 10-foot swells, and in an effort at forgetting my stomach I decided to take a picture of the men in the stern with the water curling above their heads. I started to get up to take a meter reading, but this was a mistake. My feet shot out from under me, and my head hit the wall below the steering wheel. Though stunned and not fully aware of what had happened, I was sure the boat had capsized and wondered why I wasn't under water. Seconds or minutes later, I felt a cold hand on the back of my head and opened my eyes. The hand was the tail of a big striper, one of about a dozen that had flown out of the fish box. No one at the stern had seen me fall. They were fishing again, and were landing fish. In the time that I was floundering on the floor we had reached another school.

Possibly the loveliest sensation known to man is the emergence from seasickness. My recovery began during a long run through relatively calm water. Henderson had discovered a bottle of Dramamine in the cabin, and I swallowed one. I stepped toward the stern, where the cold wind in my face had a stimulating effect. Fifteen minutes later we were off Nantucket's southern shore, at the western end of Old Man Shoals, and I was raring to fish.

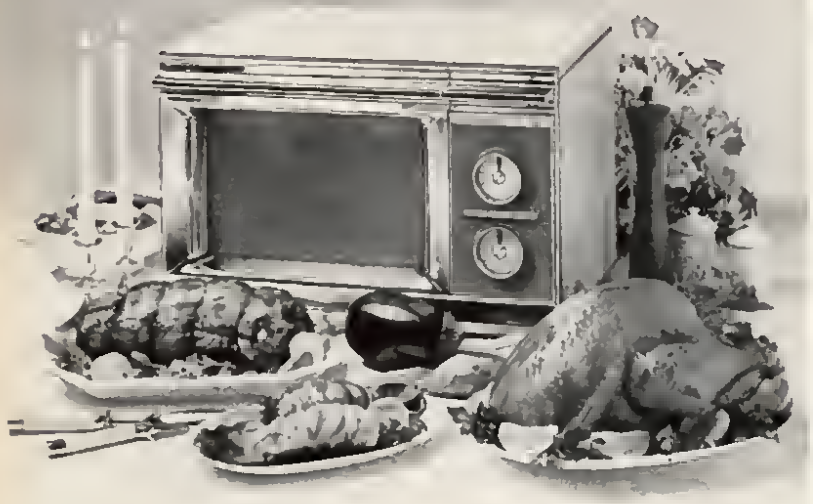
Birds had begun feeding well inside the shoal's edge. We should never have entered the area without safety belts. No amusement park would be allowed to have the kind of ride the Old Man gave us for the next hour. It was not possible to stand unsupported and erect for two consecutive seconds, and I wedged myself, down on one knee, into a corner at the stern, one hand jigging a handline and the other with a death grip on one of the gunwale's mooring rings. The others, more adept at offshore gymnastics, stood against the stern, knees bent and legs spread wide. The bass appeared on cue. Whack! I had a hard strike, released my handhold, began standing to land the fish and went over on my backside as the boat tipped 45° left, sliding me into Bob Luce's legs. Luce, who was also landing a fish, sat down on my stomach. All five handlines had been struck, and as we groped for the lines and got them close to the boat, the bass seemed to take advantage of our chaos and swam around each other, weaving four of the lines into a freestyle cat's cradle. In the next half hour nearly 25 more bass wound up in the fish box, and our seagoing slapstick continued. It was only 37° now, and our faces, whipped by the wind and a combination of spray and rain, began to look like ripe tomatoes.

Through it all Bud Henderson constantly ran from wheel to stern, landing fish, changing our course, manning the tiller, speeding us up and slowing us down and untangling lines. He seemed to have suction cups on his feet and a gyroscope in his head. He was not the slightest bit concerned by the roughness of the sea. During a lull in the fishing Bud talked about his greatest day, in November 1965. "All alone I caught 3,750 pounds of bass, 237 fish averaging 12 pounds. The cockpit was full of bass. The cabin was full of them. They were spilling onto the bunks and into the sink and all over the floor of the head. The next morning a friend went out with me. 'I know you're a good bass fisherman,' he yelled from the cabin, 'but I didn't know you were this good.' He walked out holding three bass I hadn't found the night before. 'We haven't even started fishing yet,' he said, 'and you've already caught three fish.' "

Feeding stripers, especially in the fall, are often all over the place one minute and gone the next. Now the fish had stopped striking. Our hands were stiff from the cold, the ocean was even rougher than before and, though we waited and hoped, the wind had not switched from north to south as predicted at dawn. We would have to buck wind-driven surf and gusts of gale force for nearly 40 miles going home. Henderson reacted

continued

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predictably: he started looking for more fish But there was no recklessness here The *Li'l Darlin'* is a bass boat built to chase its quarry into the meanest water, and the sea poses little threat to its 55-year-old skipper. For most of the last 32 years—May through November, time off only for hurricanes—the sea has been his dawn-to-dusk, seven-day-a-week office. If there are fish within his cruising range, he fishes Soon the bass would be gone and, though there would be winter scalloping and quahogging, the checks would be much smaller and maybe not as frequent

We continued fishing, but with no luck A voice over the marine telephone called Henderson to the cabin It was a friend who was fishing off Great Point, 15 miles closer to home, and who was concerned about the *Li'l Darlin'* and her skipper. "It's real bad up here, Bud, really gettin' heavy. Hey, you might wind up spendin' the night on the island"

They small-talked a few minutes, Henderson deliberating. "We're going in now," he said finally, hanging up. "Pull in the lines," he shouted. Then, as an afterthought, he added, "But don't put 'em away. We might hit fish on the way home"

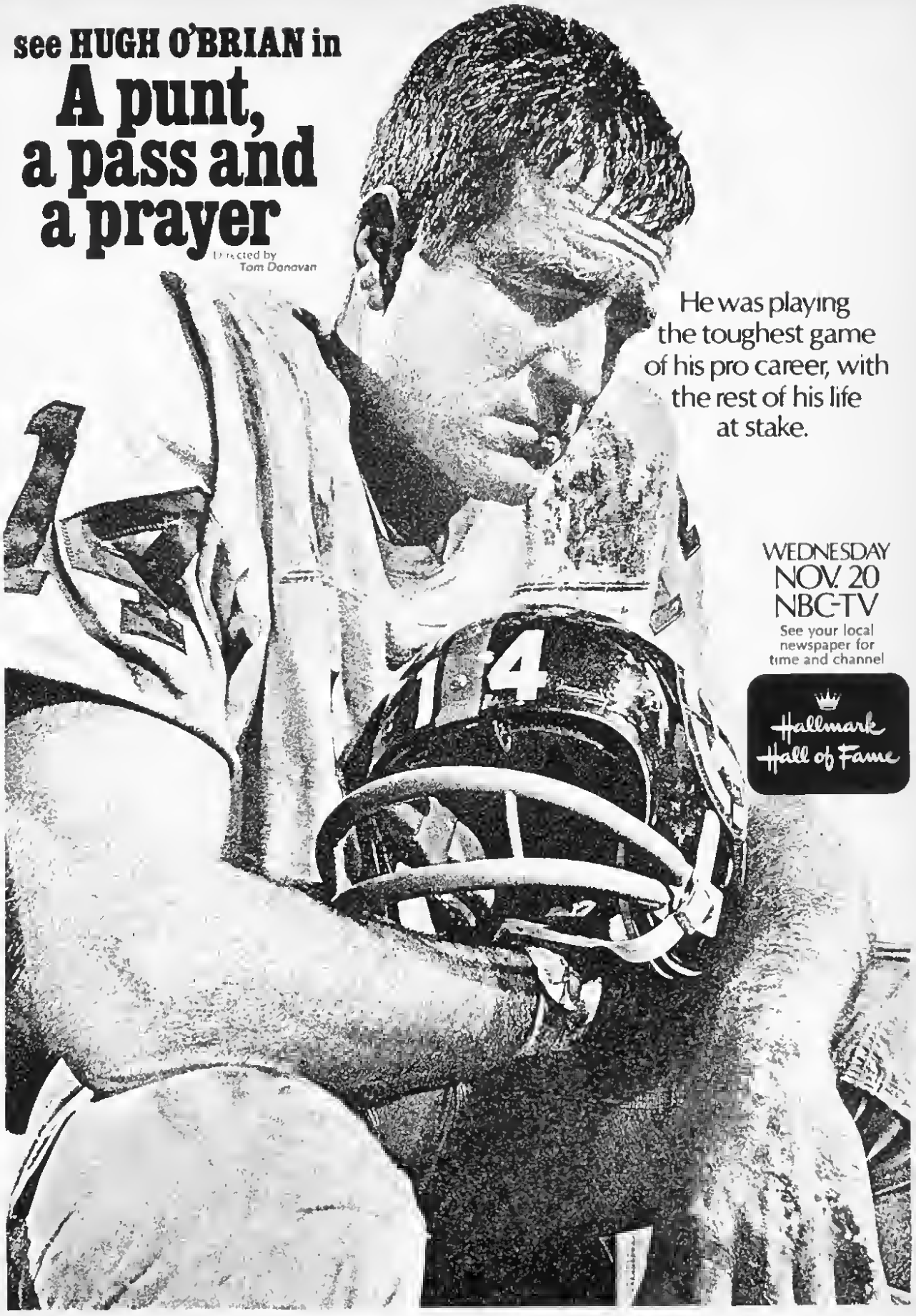
We headed inshore to avoid Old Man Shoals, rounded Nantucket's southeast corner and headed north toward Sankaty Head, or so the compass indicated; our movement was more of the up and down variety. About halfway to Great Point things began taking a turn for the worse If Dante's *Inferno* had been a sea saga, a panoramic view from our stern would have been the perfect cover-jacket photograph. The wind was blowing the tops off waves and filling and refilling the cockpit with foam. Now there were 10-foot swells, higher and steeper than in the morning, and at the bottom of each we lurched to a dead stop, provoking an uncontrollable "oooph" each time from the pit of my stomach. I sat next to the cabin with one hand on the door and the other supporting my head, which bobbed weakly and resignedly up and down, and constantly reminded myself that the passage of each miserable minute brought us closer to land. Bud Henderson stood at the wheel, operating the manual windshield wipers, speeding up or swerving to avoid a breaking comber and eating apples. His was the stoic calm of a man who has taken the worst the sea has to offer and never even been

continued

see **HUGH O'BRIAN** in

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seasick. "A fisherman's life is a rough one. It's a wet butt and a hungry gut," he says wryly. "Whether you catch 'em or not, you still gotta go out the next day."

Three-quarters of an hour later and two miles to the northeast, we could see the southern tip of Monomoy Island, a lonely 10-mile-long bird sanctuary dangling south of Cape Cod. Monomoy! Oldtime bass fishermen speak of it in hushed tones. Fishing on the island can be so explosive at certain times of the year, that occasionally, in the past, impatient beach-buggy operators haven't bothered to wait for the oyster barge at Chatham and have tried to drive across the flats at low tide. Some have made it, but if you stand on the beach at Chatham Inlet when the tide is out you can see the buggies of a few that didn't, now rusted, wrecked derelicts sticking up out of the mud.

After leaving the tip of Monomoy behind, we entered the relatively sheltered waters of northeastern Nantucket Sound, and soon the low line of Cape Cod's southern shore loomed out of the overcast horizon. By the time we entered Wychmere Harbor four large boxes had been stacked to overflowing with fish, and half a dozen more bass in the 30-pound class lay in the boat. Stripers are handsome fish, firm and strikingly colored. They don't fade quickly, as do many other species, and now, four to 10 hours after being caught, they were still beautiful, all 700 pounds of them. But at the moment my esthetic needs were territorial, not piscatorial. Above all I craved the feel of land beneath my feet. I climbed onto the dock, thanked Bud Henderson and walked to my car. Maybe by next May I would want to look at another striped bass.

The next day, after a good night's sleep in a warm bed, Old Man Shoals seemed a universe away. I joked about having been seasick: it could never happen again. Indian summer had returned, the forecast called for more of the same for at least a few days and for the waters off Cape Cod winds no stronger than 20 mph. All day I thought of the 27-pound striper I had caught on a handline and of the even bigger ones that were surely still there. The next time I would bring a light surf rod. The next time? That evening I phoned Bud Henderson and made arrangements for later in the week. **END**

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DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN



On a sloppy wedge the left elbow has collapsed coming into the ball, and the wrists have broken too soon.



Wedge shot should be hit crisply, the left elbow straight, the wrists cocked until the moment of impact.

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HOCKEY / *Gary Ronberg*

'That was when I hit him in the mouth'

Toronto's brawling defenseman Jim Dorey is the new Leaf cop—and, says his coach, vital spirit

It was in an exhibition game a year ago that Pete Stemkowski, then a robust young center for the Toronto Maple Leafs, got into a fight with one New York Ranger and suddenly had a few more swinging at him. Under such circumstances a player counts on some assistance from his teammates, the code of the game demands it. Stemkowski, however, received no help. While the Leafs watched he was roughed up by four Rangers, one of whom accidentally stepped on Stemkowski's thumb with his skate, nearly separating it from his hand. Pete Stemkowski never fought for the Maple Leafs after that.

Jim Dorey, then a 20-year-old ticketed for Tulsa and a year of seasoning, recalls watching the mismatch from the press box. "It wasn't right," he says. "Somebody should have gone out there and helped him."

And that is the reason Dorey is playing for Toronto in 1968. Ever since Bobby Baun—now with Detroit, but for years the unofficial heavy for the Leafs—stopped tossing his weight around, Toronto had *been conspicuous* for *its timidity*. The Leafs had some of the biggest, brawniest players in the NHL, but it seemed they would skate clear to Mammattawa to avoid a fight. Their record reflected this nonviolent spirit, and last year they missed the playoffs for the first time in 10 seasons. "We stopped winning when we stopped hitting," said General Manager and Coach George (Punch) Imlach. "It's as simple as that."

Now Jim Dorey is hitting and the Leafs are in the fight. It may be as simple as that. A 6′ 1″, 192-pounder with a caveman physique, a cherubic face and a shock of brown hair that gives him a misleading look of innocence, Dorey is the new bad man of the NHL. Early in the season though it is, he has been involved in two bench-clearing brawls, several smaller fights and some heavy shoving—and the Leafs, brasher and braver than they have been in years, seem to be responding. "In one month Dorey has already solved a few problems around here," says Imlach, "and before he's through he's going to solve a few more."

Most rookies come to the NHL with a touch of awe and respect, but not Dorey. His most notable bout took place in what was only his second big-league game. Pittsburgh's Ken Schinkel was speeding past Dorey along the boards when he happened to catch a stick on his shoulder pad. Schinkel skated another 15 feet before sprawling to the ice. Given two minutes for high-sticking by Referee Art Skov, Dorey was skating to the penalty box when he noticed that Schinkel was smiling. "That was when I realized he'd taken a dive," Dorey recalls. "I went over and said, 'You took a dive, didn't you?' He said, 'Sure, what are you gonna do about it?' That was when I hit him in the mouth."

Before he was through, Dorey had decked Schinkel and left Penguin Defenseman John Arbour draped helplessly in the arms of two Pittsburgh teammates. Jim rounded out the night with four minor penalties, two major, two misconducts and a game misconduct—a total of 48 minutes and nine penalties. The NHL fined him $175, and Skov warned, "I've got your number, Dorey." Jim's response was a flip crack about Skov not knowing his address.

Dorey is not particularly disturbed by his image, but he wants no one to misunderstand it. "I would hate to get the reputation of being a hatchet man," he says. "I've played against hatchet men and I detest them. They use their sticks as weapons, and they don't give a damn that they could end a guy's career with one swing. When you fight like men—sticks down, gloves off—about all that

DOREY DRIVES OFF PHILADELPHIA'S SIMON NOLET IN A SCRAMBLE FOR THE PUCK



can get hurt is your pride. Oh, you might get conked on the nose or take a crack on the chin, but that's nothing to what you can do with a stick."

"He's an alley fighter and they're usually the best kind," says Minnesota General Manager Wren Blair, who signed Dorey to his first amateur agreement at age 14. "But he's also a helluva defenseman. When I first saw Dorey I thought he could be in the same league as Bobby Orr, and you can't get any higher."

"Dorey can do a lot more things than fight," says Imlach. "Right now he's a little hotheaded and exuberant. He's trying to make a name for himself, which is fine. But he can become one of the big stars in this league. He can skate and he can shoot pretty well, too. I'll tell you this: if anybody's going to lead us back where we were, this kid will."

Dorey came out of a tough neighborhood in Kingston, a manufacturing town on Lake Ontario, as an alley fighter, all right, but one with some class. He hits, but he plays chess, too. "I've had enough education," he says, "to know that I could go back for a degree any time I wanted to."

Three of the six Toronto defensemen this year are young and error-prone, but Imlach is prepared to live with their mistakes, primarily because of the spirit Dorey and the other newcomers have brought with them. In a recent game with Boston the Leafs were leading by a goal in the third period when Eddie Shack, the Bruins' reckless forward, began cruising around the ice, leaving smaller Leafs scattered in his wake. Imlach, who happened to be standing behind Dorey on the bench, was livid. "How long is he going to get away with stuff like that?" Punch shouted. Within seconds Dorey was on the ice, and suddenly both he and Shack were serving penalties for fighting. But Dorey needs no such invitation to battle. During a memorable exhibition game he came stickless off the bench into a melee to toss a couple of right-hand punches at Detroit's Frank Mahovlich. He skated back to the bench unmarked and unpenalized, but not unappreciated.

"He's back, grinning like hell," said Imlach, "and I go down and tell him he can get in a helluva lot of trouble leaving the bench like that."

"Yeah, Punch," Dorey said, "I know it. But it was worth it."

Imlach had found his cop. **END**

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Reaching for the Davis Cup

By beating India this week, the U.S. has qualified to play Australia, which may use youngsters John Alexander (above) and Phillip Dent

Sitting beside a tennis court during a Davis Cup match, Donald Dell invokes about as much humor as a deathwatch. As captain of the U S. team, he is equal parts coach, cheerleader, psychologist and baby-sitter. For example, consider that before last week's interzone final in San Juan, P. R., the last step toward the Challenge Round, illness and injury threatened to knock out nearly the entire team. Arthur Ashe had just recovered from a severely pinched nerve in his neck which had curtailed his tennis drastically in the weeks before the India tie. Bob Lutz, one-half of the best doubles team in the country, was thought to have picked up mononucleosis and, in fact, had complained of dizzy spells just two days before the first day's matches (it turned out to be the flu). And finally, Clark Graebner was just getting over the effects of a strep throat which had kept him quiet for a couple of weeks.

Two days before the Interzone final began Dell also became something of a villain when he told Charlie Pasarell, who is technically the No. 1-ranked player in the country and is a hero in his native San Juan, that he wasn't going to play before the home-town folks. Besides alienating every Puerto Rican who knew a tennis ball from a bolero, Dell kept about $10,000 out of the weekend's gate receipts. He also made himself unpopular at a meeting with the Indian captain a day before the tie began. A proposal was made that should a player get cramps, a real possibility in the stifling heat, he be allowed five minutes to untangle his muscles. Dell said no. "The rules say 'play shall be continuous,' and tennis is supposed to be a game of endurance," he argued. "I don't have my players running laps every day to improve their morale. If somebody gets cramps, default."

All of this helped keep nearly everybody in a high state of agitation, which is just the state Dell always is in, but the end result was a 4-1 victory over the Indians, complicated only by Ramanathan Krishnan's four-set upset of Clark Graebner in the tie's second match.

The victory put the United States into the Challenge Round, where it will meet the current Davis Cup holder, Australia, in Adelaide for three afternoons beginning the day after Christmas. Not only will the U.S. be in the finals of perhaps the best-known amateur international competition, but it will actually be favored—heavily favored—to bring the cup back home for the first time since 1963. This is either a) surprising, considering the result of the last three years when the U.S. was summarily dismissed by Spain, Brazil and Ecuador in preliminary ties, or b) not surprising, considering that the U.S. team has, in Arthur Ashe and Clark Graebner, two of the three best amateur players in the world (the third is Tom Okker, a Dutchman). It is, in fact, a little of both, but the main reason the U.S. is favored is because the three fellows who defended for Australia last year—Roy Emerson, John Newcombe and Tony Roche—are now professionals, and for the first time, really, since World War II, the limitless supply of Aussie players seems depleted.

What Australia does have, however, is Harry Hopman, the man who has captained 15 winning cup efforts since the war. And what Hopman has is a pair of untried, and practically unknown, teen-agers who may turn out to be another combination like Ken Rosewall and Lew Hoad, who were brought out of similar obscurity 15 years ago and worked out pretty well. The new Australian wonders are John Alexander, 17, and Phillip Dent, 18.

Hopman's hand was forced because the only other players he has available are Bill Bowery and Ray Ruffels, who have undistinguished records in international competition, and Dick Crealy and Alan Stone, who have no records at all. None of them evoke memories of Ken McGregor and Frank Sedgman, or Hoad and Rosewall, or Rod Laver and Emerson or Newcombe and Roche, and Hopman is the first to admit it.

"Our chances don't look good," Hop-



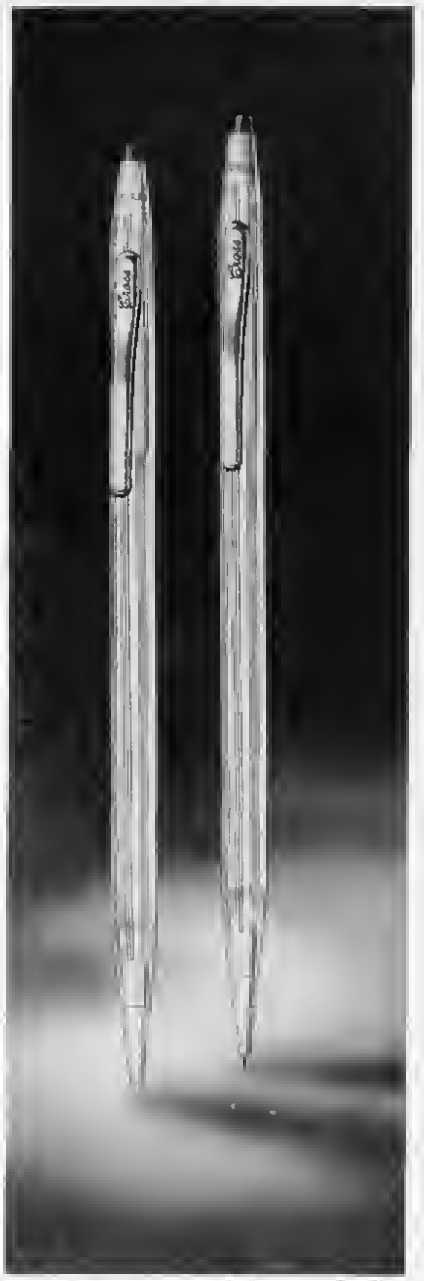
man said recently. "Ashe is the best amateur player in the world. Graebner is not far behind him, and Pasarell is probably better than Graebner. Moreover, America has some fine doubles combinations. When you look into it, our chances seem pretty bad. But we've faced defeat before and it hasn't always turned out that way. There are still a couple of months to go, and with young people who show promise and who have ability you can do a lot. In fact, I think it's premature to concede defeat or claim victory at this stage."

Hopman's young people are, of course, Alexander and Dent. Alexander, rather thin at 6′ 2″ and 161 pounds, was born and raised in Sydney. Dent grew up in a western Sydney suburb. Both have strong records, but only in junior competition: Alexander won the Junior Wimbledon title last summer, while Dent, earlier in the year, won the French Juniors. They are close friends. Publicly at least, Hopman has made no firm indication as to which members of his team he will select for the Challenge Round. In fact, the team is not officially his. He has not been named captain for this year's defense, but that is expected to be a mere formality. Last week Alexander and Dent jumped in a car and drove the 600 miles south to Melbourne for two weeks of intensive training with Hopman at nearby Kooyong Stadium. What sort of work? Hopman was evasive. "I want them to do some different work," he said. "They are both potential world champions."

Whether the entire Alexander-Dent project is a huge psychological plot to goad the more established players like Bowrey and Ruffels is worth speculation. Dell, for one, does not believe both youngsters will be used. Alexander, maybe, he says, but not Dent too. Hopman, though, is good at two things—getting his players into shape and getting the effort out of them. Winning down there will be tough.

Meanwhile Dell must face one problem on Dec. 16, the day when the four-man squad for the Challenge Round must be announced. Which four players should he use? Ashe, of course, is certain to play the singles. After two lackluster years, he has finally become one of the two or three best players in the world, amateur or pro. He reached the semifinals at Wimbledon, and then in late summer concluded an amazing string

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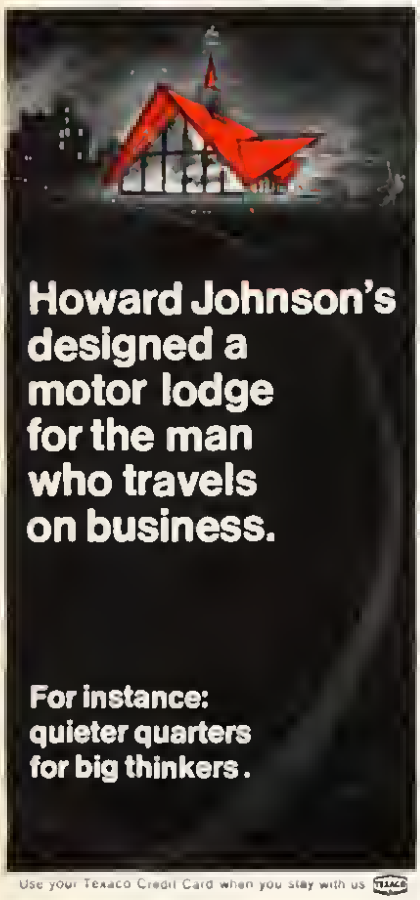
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of triumphs by winning both the U.S. amateur and the first U.S. Open singles championships in the space of two weeks.

Likewise, the doubles team of Lutz and Stan Smith is finally set after a slight bit of hesitation on Dell's part earlier in the year. The two Southern California students this year won the National Intercollegiate, the National Clay Court, the U.S. amateur and the U.S. Open doubles titles and are challenged for world supremacy only by the professional pair of Newcombe and Roche. They easily defeated the India doubles team of Krishnan and Jaidip Mukerjea, 6–2, 6–3, 6–2.

That leaves the No. 2 singles slot—the fourth place on the squad—available to either Graebner or Pasarell. Earlier in the year there was little doubt that Graebner was the superior player. In fact, at Wimbledon, where Graebner —like Ashe—was a semifinalist, a few people thought Graebner was better even than Ashe. But Graebner depends entirely too much on his first service. If it is working well, he is almost unbeatable, but if he has to temper it in the least, nearly anybody's return of service can give him trouble. He lost a key first-day match to Manuel Santana in the tie with Spain and was completely befuddled by the junk-balling tactics of Krishnan last week, losing decisively.

Pasarell was superb early in the year but has fallen off considerably in the past two months. Dell will probably choose Graebner, but could be wrong whichever way he ultimately decides to go. That problem is still a month off. Meanwhile the U.S. team will tour—in England for two tournaments, in France for a week-long series of exhibitions, in Chicago for a two-day benefit, in California for another tournament and in Australia for the New South Wales Championships in Sydney—before finally showing up in Adelaide on Dec. 16 for its final days of preparation before the Challenge Round.

In recent years the regular monotony of Australian victory in the Challenge Round has bored the Australian public and caused a severe drop in ticket sales. But not this year. "A challenge round against the U.S. never fails to attract interest," Hopman said. "This time, because we will be the underdogs, it will have much more interest than usual. Somebody is going to have a whopping New Year's Eve party about three days early." **END**

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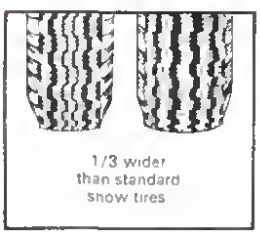
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GATES TIRES

A boo-boo was the best bid

It sounded like Monopoly. The site was Boardwalk at Illinois, and the players frequently found themselves on Atlantic or Pacific Avenue or one of a dozen other of the familiar thoroughfares of Atlantic City, N.J. Indeed, their ultimate aim was to break an Italian monopoly—on the Bermuda Bowl. But the game was bridge, and the stakes included a free trip to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil next spring as members of the six-man team that will try to stop Italy's *Squadra Azzura* from taking that bowl for the 10th successive time.

Thirty-two of this continent's leading players had assembled for the annual International Team Trials event that selects a North American bridge squad to represent us in the World Championships. At the end of the grueling 10-day event, the three top pairs were George Rapée and Sidney Lazard, Billy Eisenberg and Bobby Goldman, Edwin Kantar and Bob Hamman. Together, they provide nonplaying Captain Oswald Jacoby with a happy blend of youth and experience to face the Blue Team.

Rapée and Lazard were magnificent throughout the Trials and deserved their victory, but unlike Goldman-Eisenberg, both of Dallas, and Hamman-Kantar of Los Angeles, they are separated by the 1,200 miles between New York and New Orleans and cannot play together often. The result is that they sometimes have a misunderstanding like the one that, fortunately, worked to their advantage in the deal shown.

This was a case of too many cue bids. Lazard was conservative when he bid only one spade in response to Rapée's takeout double. Consequently, when North cue-bid in diamonds South jumped in spades to show a maximum holding for his initial one-spade response. When North next bid clubs, South's singleton heart loomed as a tremendous asset, so he cue-bid in turn. If West hadn't doubled four diamonds, North would no doubt have bid four hearts, South five clubs and a reasonable six-club contract might have been reached. But when North passed the double and South cue-bid in hearts, Rapée—not unreasonably—thought that his side had found its spot.

He was right—but for an odd reason. Two other declarers managed to go down at four-spade contracts after misguessing the location of the spade queen. But four hearts, played from the singleton side of the table, was ironclad. South won West's diamond continuation with the king, took a winning club finesse, cashed the club ace, drew three rounds of trumps and took stock. He couldn't continue clubs because East could ruff the third club and continue diamonds, forcing dummy's last trump while West still retained a fourth trump as an entry to his good diamonds. So he cashed dummy's spade ace, led to the king and dropped the queen and continued with good spades, forcing West to use his trump first. East could also make a trump trick later, but only when he didn't have a diamond left to lead.

To Captain Jacoby, this hand probably wasn't as funny as it is to us. But Lazard and Rapée will take a month off to practice before the World Championship so that a similar misunderstanding doesn't occur in Brazil. **END**

East-West vulnerable
East dealer

	NORTH	
	♠ A 10 ♥ A K Q 6 ♦ 8 ♣ A Q 10 7 6 5	
WEST		EAST
♠ Q 7 ♥ J 7 3 2 ♦ A J 10 6 2 ♣ K 8		♠ 6 5 4 3 ♥ 10 9 8 5 ♦ Q 7 4 ♣ 4 2
	SOUTH	
	♠ K J 9 8 2 ♥ 4 ♦ K 9 5 3 ♣ J 9 3	

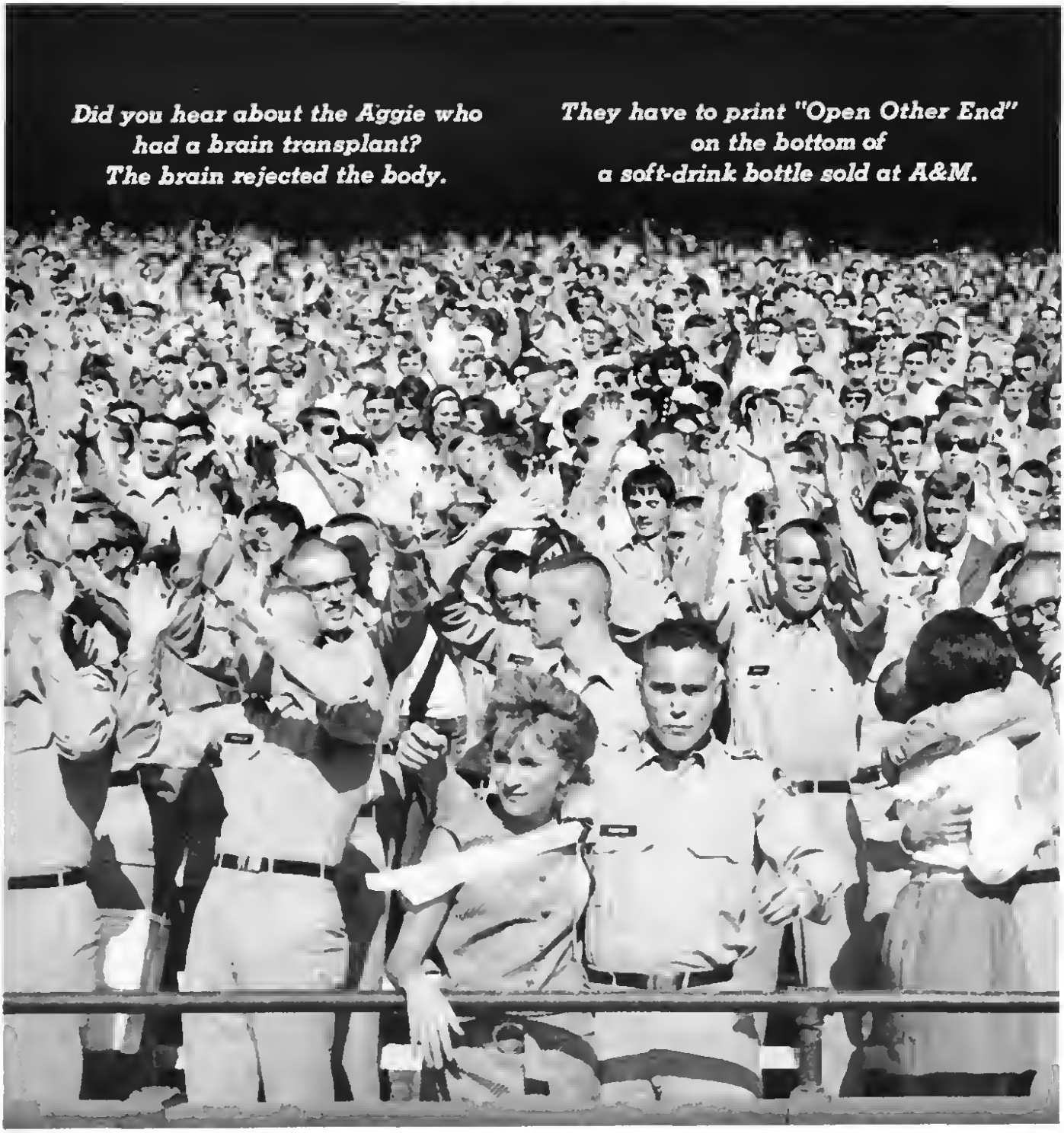
EAST	SOUTH (*Lazard*)	WEST	NORTH (*Rapée*)
PASS	PASS	1 ♦	DBL
PASS	1 ♠	PASS	2 ♦
PASS	3 ♠	PASS	4 ♣
PASS	4 ♦	DBL	PASS
PASS	4 ♥	(*All Pass*)	

Opening lead: ace of diamonds

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THE PROUDEST SQUARES

The Boy Scout virtues—loyalty, reverence and obedience—are still highly esteemed at Texas A&M, although they have helped make the Aggies the butt of much Texas humor **BY MYRON COPE**

"How could you break an arm and a leg raking leaves?" Aggie: "I fell out of the tree."

And then there was the flamingo that moved into a new house and put an Aggie in the front yard.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEL HERSHORN

Two years before, traveling through the big cities of Texas, I had heard the place mentioned briefly, always in the sort of terms men use when reminiscing on wartime assignments in forlorn outposts. "Sing Sing on the Brazos" was the expression that kept cropping up. The specific location, to judge by the conversation at cocktail parties in garden apartments, was exactly in the middle of nowhere. Now, driving northwest of Houston on Highway 6, I watched the windshield grow blemished with the remains of insects until, suddenly struck with a distressing afterthought, I pulled off the road to make certain I had packed the bottle of bourbon. Happily for the long nights ahead, it was there. "Try the Gulf station," a man in Houston had told me with an evil chuckle when I asked about night life.

The town is there, one supposed, because the college is. The college has a football team, and for that reason Texas A&M is known from Seattle to Bangor, Me., but vaguely. Many erroneously believe that the "M" stands for Mining or Military. Texans, of course, know that A&M means

continued

Agricultural and Mechanical, but they snidely describe the football stadium as a place "that can't grow grass or get the scoreboard to work." It is true, certainly, that last fall the football team surprised a great many people by winning the Southwest Conference championship, and then won a brief taste of nationally televised glory by upsetting Alabama in the Cotton Bowl game. Now, though, the only moment of that New Year's Day afternoon that still came clearly to mind was the 21-inch picture of the Alabama coach, Bear Bryant, helping to carry off his onetime protégé, Aggie Coach Gene Stallings—Bryant tottering like a big old roughneck who has drunk too much beer at the Teamsters' picnic and gotten silly.

In light of the derision heaped upon Texas A&M, it seemed inconsistent that her inmates should rise up from their Spartan, masculine retreat in central Texas to win a bowl game in living color, a turn of events that suggested a firsthand look at the place. The mayor of the town, I had learned, proposed a year ago that the community get rid of its name, College Station, because the legislature had promoted the college to university status and the railroad station had closed down. He ought to have known better. Right away the wiseacres over at the University of Texas, in Austin, whipped up a contest to help him find a new name. A coed won. She said, "Call it Malfunction Junction." The mayor decided College Station wasn't a poor name after all.

But worst of all (or perhaps best of all, from the viewpoint of Texans who wet their lips at the prospect of seeing Aggies squirm) are the Aggie jokes. Polish jokes told in the North and the Cajun jokes relayed through Louisiana probably are no more than adaptations from the hundreds, if not thousands, of Aggie jokes that have been traveling across Texas for nearly half a century. Texas humor pictures an Aggie—and the term is used as a general heading for both students and alumni—as being awkward, unkempt, inept at sex, devoid of humor and, above all, dimwitted.

Aggie-baiters have produced so many gags that a Dallas adwoman and two associates have been able to publish two profitable Aggie jokebooks. Aggie jokes survive, on and on, largely because they succeed in enraging Aggies. Not long ago the alumni magazine advised its readers that any Aggie who laughs at an Aggie joke "is a sick bird."

Aggies have even recently begun to mount a counterattack against Aggie joke tellers. If anything is more important to Texans than their pride, it is, obviously, their pocketbooks, so, wisely, the Aggies have chosen to effect economic reprisal. For instance, at a recent business luncheon in Dallas, an insurance executive led off his talk with an Aggie joke. Before he could continue his speech, an Aggie in the audience rose and declared: "That joke just cost you the half million in insurance my company had placed with you."

Even in football, a game at which the Aggies intermittently have managed to excel, circumstances relentlessly spill them into ditches where they lie helpless while their tormentors look down and guffaw. Since World War II the Aggies have won the conference championship only twice—1956 and '67—and both times had their ears boxed by the conference for violating codes of ethics. They can't read the rules, their detractors snicker, or they're just too clumsy to get away with cheating. Another possibility is that their rivals gang up on them. "I would hate to think so," Gene Stallings was to tell me dryly in College Station later, adding pointedly, "Let's just leave it at that."

Cruising on toward College Station, I concluded that the most cheerful view of my destination could be had by imagining the worst, in which case a certain amount of antique charm was possible. I decided, then, that A&M would surely be a collection of decrepit buildings sitting in a desolate plain. Students would be taking instruction in cow-milking, and the cows would be kicking half of them off their stools.

Incongruously, however, the countryside along Highway 6 revealed itself to be rich green farmland that rolled on pleasantly, bordered by elms and live oaks and sycamores and Texas walnuts. Suddenly, as the road pierced College Station itself, a sweep of manicured turf unfolded on the left. Could it be an 18-hole campus golf course? It was. A left turn through twin stone columns led behind the golf course to a vast tract of stately buff-colored and cadmium-orange buildings, of walks shaded by a sumptuous variety of trees, of the sort of lawns that are now but memories to many American universities weighted to their seams with brick. A low-slung modern building housed a $6 million cyclotron. The mind's eye pictured Aggies inside, banging away with their wrenches to get the thing to work.

Well, never mind. Why not stroll the shaded walks and get a closer look at the young butts of those Aggie jokes? Many wore khaki, being members of the Aggie corps of cadets, which includes 25% of the male student body. "Howdy!" the youngest of these barked as they passed by. The howdies mounted, coming on the average of once a minute. It developed that freshman cadets—"fish," they are called—are required to howdy just everything that moves, and inasmuch as I fell into that category I found that there was nothing to do but howdy back. "Howdy!" "Howdy." "Howdy!" "Howdy." Awright, already. Sometimes they overtook me from the rear, lunging up alongside, whipping out a hand to grasp mine. This is known as Whipping Out.

No howdies popped from the mouths of students in civvies, though in the context of modern campus life they, too, seemed peculiar—all were freshly laundered and clean-shaven. The phenomenon merited inquiry.

"Oh, we've got a few hippies here but they're part-time hippies," a sport-shirted, bespectacled student told me. "They get into their flower suits when they're out of class. Their main thing is to have something to gripe about—the meals, the laundry or whatever. I don't know why they come here, unless it's because it's cheap and you get a good education." Off in the distance, in front of the Academic Building, students with chamois cloths were swarming over the bronze statue of old Lawrence Sullivan (Sul) Ross, buffing up the long-ago college president for the new school year

continued

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The people who unstuffed the shirt

Having read in my morning newspaper that students at the University of Illinois had warmed up for *their* fall term by mutilating 11 pictures of past university presidents, I could not help musing on the Aggies' failure to get with it.

Still, they appeared to be reasonably alert, and at this point Texas A&M's grim reputation seemed in question, capable of being saved only by the allegedly hapless town of College Station.

No help there either. College Station, I discovered, is a pleasant, prosperous community of 18,000, joined on its far side by the city of Bryan, which has a population of 33,000 and a proportionate number of glass up-to-date banks. College Station does not appear to be in the coma that is widely reported. True, the town offers no gourmet dining, and on days when the Briarcrest Country Club has been taken over by a ladies' fashion show, A&M President Earl Rudder carts his luncheon guests over to Arnold's Bar-B-Que. Arnold throws a sheet of shelf paper on the table and dumps a slab of cheese and a pile of sliced beef in the middle. He provides each guest with a single eating utensil: a butcher knife. "Dig in!" commands President Rudder, a heavyset gray-haired man, whereupon everyone reaches out with his butcher knife and lances a hunk of beef, which he eats with his fingers. It proves to be delicious.

In short, Aggieland is a place of unpretentious, comfortable small-town living only 90 minutes from Houston. Obviously, it is a victim of massive slander. But why? The answer pieces itself together slowly, and perhaps the best point of approach is Aggie football.

At the training table several days after my arrival, Gene Stallings shot me a look that felt like the thrust of one of Arnold's butcher knives. I had started to inquire about the truth of a certain story I had heard on campus, and at once the coach's eyes narrowed, burning. He is a man totally sure of himself. Four years ago, when at 29 he served as Bryant's chief assistant at Alabama, A&M alumni had sought his opinion of two head-coaching prospects who if hired might revive the Aggies from a seven-year famine. "You haven't asked about the man who's best qualified," Stallings told them. He meant himself, of course, and they hired him.

Today, holding the titles of head coach and athletic director, Stallings is a raw-boned figure with a prominent nose, a stony chin and lines that form parentheses around his mouth. His features, in fact, bear a notable resemblance to those of Bryant, who first had him as an end at A&M in the mid-1950s. Now, when apparently I had struck a sensitive nerve, Stallings waited, saying nothing, so I continued my story, the account being that last year one of his players had gone to him saying he was spokesman for a group of teammates. He told Stallings that these players all missed the relaxed atmosphere of their high school football practices. "It was more buddy-buddy in high school—more fun," the player said. "We'd just like you to consider this."

Stallings, the story went on, lay awake that night, considering nothing else. "I've thought on what you said," he was supposed to have told the player the next day, "and now *you're* going to have from now on to think on it. You're off the squad."

When I finished relating the episode, Stallings confirmed it with a short, reluctant nod. Finally, at last he snapped, "Damn! This isn't high school!"

Choosing my next words gingerly, against the prospect of another thrust, I said, "Well, I imagine you've considered the possibility that you may have dealt a little severely with the player—I mean, in view of the fact that he was representing others who may have lacked his nerve to speak up?"

"I don't give a damn whether he was representin' anybody or not!" Stallings barked. The point was, the player had in effect challenged his authority. By the same token, when All-America Tackle Mo Moorman disregarded a midseason warning from Stallings to quit cutting classes last fall, Stallings fired him, too. Toughness, you see, and the uncompromising exercise of authority are, to Aggies, virtues they pride themselves on. Because football—more than anything on campus—stirs A&M men wherever they exist, Gene Stallings has become the foremost Aggie archetype. This year his conference champions have lost five games but have fought hard, never losing by more than six points—a circumstance that enables Aggies to continue speaking their proudest boast. "We never lose," they advise strangers at every turn. "We're just outscored." Their

continued



Surrounded in his office by an abundance of visible artifacts, Coach Gene Stallings, the archetype Aggie, is also forever at the center of the Aggie aura.

words begin to explain why non-Aggies love to put down Aggies.

Stallings' Spartan approach to football suits Aggie students and alumni just fine, because, as it happens, they themselves tune up for a football game with considerable fervor. Aggies do not use kindling and old newspapers to build peprally bonfires—they chop down whole trees. Out on the cadet drill field the week of the Texas game, a pyramid of logs rises to a height of almost 90 feet. The mere sight of an Aggie bonfire—which officially symbolizes, honest to goodness, the Aggies' "flaming love" for A&M—causes Aggies to swallow hard. Cadet sentries stand guard 24 hours a day lest infiltrators from Austin—Teasips, the manly Aggies contemptuously call them—commit sabotage. But on one occasion the Teasips attacked by air, swooping down in a light plane to 200 feet, dropping Molotov cocktails. The Aggies poured out of their dorms as if rising to the defense of Pearl Harbor—"with rifles, rocks, baseballs, anything they could put their hands on," one witness told me. Later, when the Teasip plane landed in Austin, aviation authorities expressed wonder that a craft shot so full of holes could survive.

On football Saturdays at Kyle Field (where, by the way, the scoreboard works and the grass grows nicely), the Aggie Spirit—always capitalize the "S"—charges the air with a tension so overpowering that it moves everyone, save visiting sportswriters. To traveling football journalists, a long-treasured autumn ritual is the Friday night drunk. Beer, which never does the job right, can be purchased in Bryan-College Station, but except in the dining room of the country club and in the Ramada Inn's quiet second-floor pub one cannot buy a drink of hard liquor in Brazos County. Furthermore, there is not so much as a go-go joint, let alone a nightclub. Indeed, in the realm of student hot spots, A&W root beer at last word ranked No. 1. As a consequence, the football writers find themselves disturbingly clearheaded on Saturday, after which they fan out in all directions carrying word that College Station remains nip and tuck with the Spanish Sahara as the likeliest place to spend the World's Worst Weekend. "Even the river runs dry," one sportswriter exaggerates bitterly.



A&M President Earl Rudder often entertains visitors with luncheon at Arnold's Bar-B-Que in College Station, where diners are expected to spear their own

Oblivious to the mood of the press, Aggie exes file proudly into Kyle Field, class rings glittering. Next only to wives and children, perhaps, Aggies prize their class rings most. At the sight of a man wearing one, Aggies bound across restaurants, hand outstretched. So revered is the ring that Aggies are on standing instructions from the Association of Former Students to purchase any seen languishing in a pawnshop. The association reimburses the buyer, and then, as if leading a long-lost relative home from a flophouse, tucks away the ring in a safe lest it ever suffer further ignominy.

The Saturday tension mounts. As the 272-piece Fightin' Texas Aggie Band strikes up *The Spirit of Aggieland*, students and their dates rise as one—and remain standing throughout the game. "The Twelfth Man," they call themselves. They cannot sit, for they are pledged to fling themselves into the battle should Stallings run out of bodies, which fortunately number 84. "Yeaaaaaaa, gig 'em, Aggies!" the Twelfth Man roars. "It still sets me off," I was told by a middle-aged ex. At halftime the spines of alumni stiffen to the electrifying sound of the *Aggie War Hymn*, which was written, as you might guess, on the back of an envelope by an old Aggie while he lay in a World War I trench. Finally, should the A&M team reward its faithful by winning—which

continued

is to say, by not being outscored—Aggie jaws start flapping all over Texas.

"One Aggie can be splendid company," says a Houston gentleman. "Two Aggies are impossible." If it is true, as even non-Aggies suspect, that A&M's conference rivals have plotted to hold Aggie victories to a minimum by mercilessly gumshoeing the school's every recruiting move, their motive undoubtedly lies in the conclusion that Aggies, though infuriating in refusing to acknowledge defeat, are even more boorish as winners. Ironically, Texans—for so long stereotyped as braggarts by the rest of the nation—turn inward to pin the same rap on their own kind.

Yet, in fairness to the Aggies, one must ask if the Aggie Spirit is more than just a hundred anachronistic rituals kept alive, largely by the Corps of Cadets. Is it more than coincidence, for example, that no fewer than six Aggies won the Congressional Medal of Honor in World War II? When Gene Stallings applies his ramrod Aggie methods to his players, is he merely subjecting them to a juvenile existence? Bill Hobbs, a small but swift All-America linebacker from West Texas, blushes at the sound of his own answer but delivers it intently. "If I ever quit in front of Coach Stallings," he says, "I could never face him again."

I met with Hobbs and a sophomore defensive end named Mike DeNiro, who is the only Northerner on the Aggie squad, in the maroon plush Lettermen's Lounge, and by way of easing our unfamiliarity I remarked to DeNiro that I once had spent a week in his home town, Youngstown, Ohio. "The week I was there," I said, "the auto dealers were advertising $40 foolproof locks for auto hoods. There were quite a few people blowing up one another."

"Yes," said Mike. "My Uncle Vince got killed in that."

Vince DeNiro? Certainly—the big boss. I remembered dining on expertly prepared Italian cuisine in Vince's restaurant not long after his body had been gathered up from Market Street. "Vince had a terrific restaurant," Mike said. "He was a nice guy, if you knew him."

So here was Mike DeNiro, olive-complexioned, with a wide, unassuming smile and a way about him that made you imagine him standing on a Youngstown corner, snapping his fingers and watching the girls go by. What was he doing in Aggieland?

Rugged and spectacularly quick, a starting end from the first of his sophomore year at A&M, he could have picked his spot in the Big Ten, he explained. A friend who had played under Stallings at Alabama had sent a film to the A&M coach, who needed only one view of Mike in a high school game to hightail it to Youngstown. Mike liked the way Stallings looked him in the eye, telling him that A&M was a hard situation, a place where he would have to work for everything he got. "Sometimes when I'm out there in practice," Mike now said, "I feel like I'm in a daze, like I'm unconscious. And I'll be truthful with you, I get homesick—like every night. I'm a guy who likes a good time, but it can't be done here. But y'know? It's quite a place. They tell us they want us to have class. They don't want us going into the world saying, 'Hey, everybody's against me.' " Mike DeNiro smiled, so that I would not think the *Aggie War Hymn* had affected his equilibrium. "It's a good atmosphere. It builds character."

Nevertheless, there is a specter stalking the hearts and minds of old Aggies. It is the fear that the Aggie Spirit is in danger of withering. In colleges and universities across America, school spirit has become a vanishing value, whose last protagonists risk being labeled infantile or square. Aggieland—buttressed by Texas' pioneer heritage and by a Protestant morality that demands loyalty to one's nation and institutions and, most of all, by the intensely proud corps of cadets—stubbornly has refused to turn in her school spirit for beards, pot or Vietnam teach-ins. "This is the best place on earth," says a cadet. So why would Aggieland want to copy fashion? But ominous signs have been coming for nine years now, or since Earl Rudder became president of Aggieland.

Earl Rudder! Hell's bells, fella, he's an old Aggie—played on the football team, and got himself decorated to the chin by leading a battalion of Rangers up the side of a Normandy cliff while the Germans dropped grenades in their faces. He's not one of those fancy fellas—hasn't even got himself a master's. And he can be tougher'n Gene Stallings himself if you don't pay him mind. Indeed, though President Rudder encourages Aggie students to participate in politics, he commands that they do their politicking in town—not on campus—and stands ready to enforce his word. When an SDS cell popped up last spring in Aggieland like a pouch of marijuana in a bowl of Wheaties, its leader defied Rudder's canon, passing out leaflets on campus. He was told to finish the semester and get out.

"Mr. Rudder is old shoe, he's pure country," says Buck Weirus, the director of the Association of Former Students. Notwithstanding a rank of major general in the Army Reserve, Rudder prefers to be addressed as Mister, old-shoe type that he is. "But he's smart as hell and he gets things done," says Weirus.

In the beginning Mr. Rudder looked around at his new domain and for the most part liked what he saw. Since 1876 young Texans had been arriving at A&M, the state's oldest land-grant college, from the farms and small towns. Most of them came from poor or middle-class means, determined to carve out a career. Together they endured the arduous regimen of the cadet corps, it being compulsory to serve the corps a minimum of two school years, and went on to become military men, engineers, oilmen, agronomists and scientists.

Fine, said Mr. Rudder, but times have changed. "I think I realized, and our board realized, that the great problems were not really science or engineering problems, but human problems," he says. He poured money into liberal arts, of all things. He created a philosophy department! He went after high-priced faculty brains. And with an eye to big-time scientific inquiry, he sent a research engineer named Richard E. Wainerdi to Washington for a nuclear reactor. "Where's Texas A&M?" Washington asked Wainerdi. So the Aggies audaciously built their own nuclear equip-

continued



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ment, and with the help of the federal millions that followed, achieved world leadership in something called nuclear activation analysis. Of course, that didn't stop the Aggie jokes. When Aggie scientists, caught up in tradition, decided to commemorate the completion of a 300-ton cyclotron by shooting a pinch of radioactivity into an A&M class ring, they punched their buttons—and the ring melted. All over Texas, non-Aggies giggled.

Old Aggie alumni realized that the school had to change, but in 1963, when Mr. Rudder began letting in girls, that was too much. The alums fought those Maggies in the legislature—unsuccessfully—and they threatened to eliminate A&M from their wills.

"When the Aggies leave here," explains Buck Weirus in his alumni office, "they want to be sure everybody in the future will have the same experience they had. So when you add girls, you've pulled the rug out from under them. It's sort of like one old Aggie who came back here for a visit, then went home and wrote me, 'Dear Buck, I want you to know that I shall never visit Texas A&M again.' He had asked where B Company Infantry was located, and a freshman had replied, 'Sir, there is no more B Company Infantry.' And the old Aggie said, 'No B Company Infantry! This school has gone to hell!' He got into his car and drove off. But he's a good Aggie, and he's back in the saddle again."

President Rudder would almost rather climb that Normandy cliff again than talk about his coeds. "Oh, I can just see your story now," he told me one afternoon when I left him, saying I intended to interview a few Maggies. "It's all gonna be about coeds." By devious means, chiefly the failure to provide coeds with on-campus housing, Mr. Rudder discreetly had held their numbers to a trickle—now something less than 1,000 out of a student body of 13,000, and most of them wives of other students. But the alumni and the school's 3,000 cadets themselves are convinced the Maggies will turn the corps into oatmeal. They may be right. "Those girls are husband hunting here," one cadet told me sharply. "You'll notice that very

continued



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"They laughed when I teed off in the living room"

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few of them are the kind you'd like to date during the daytime." But when I spoke to a petite, miniskirted brunette, she said that of the requests for dates she receives, the great majority comes from cadets.

Not satisfied just to admit coeds, Mr. Rudder touched off another earthquake two years later. In order to lure more top-caliber students, he made cadet corps service noncompulsory. In short, Aggieland laid herself wide open to people who don't give two hoots about bonfires and yell practice. From Houston and Dallas, citified young men began appearing in larger numbers. The dominance of crew cuts diminished; long sideburns became commonplace. Beards? The university administration likes to point out that last year the students themselves voted to prohibit beards, but a sideburned student from Houston adds a footnote to that exercise in democracy. "The thing is," he told me, "that the cadets dominate election boards. If you had no socks on when you came to vote, if you looked like a potential beard-grower, the cadets just told you to get lost. This year we're allowed to wear beards, but you've got to have the right professors. Some of the profs simply tell you to shave your face clean or don't come back."

Cadets, knowing their corps to be the fountainhead of Aggie Spirit, actually cried when Aggieland decreed that students no longer need submit to the corps' spiritual breast-feeding. Trouble flared. Civilians, housed in the same dormitory with cadet units, howled when they heard reveille whistles shrieking at 6:25 a.m. Soon eggs and fruit flew back and forth. Water fights and fistfights broke out. Judiciously, the administration revised campus housing, putting a safe distance —a demilitarized zone, as it were—between the cadets and civilians.

"But all this doesn't mean the civilians and cadets are at one another's throats," a civilian student says. "On the whole, we get along well. We civilian students may not have any use for all that marching and drilling ourselves, but we're patriotic people. We respect the corps' war record and we respect the cadets for going through a

continued



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tough grind. It's taken time, but the cadets have come to accept *us*, too, although they do it with a stiff upper lip. They say, 'Civilians are Aggies, too.' " But the civilians are a new breed of Aggie, and the cold truth is that on the campus today one encounters no difficulty finding a great many students who say of Aggie jokes, "I love 'em."

Where, then, does all this leave Gene Stallings, the Aggie archetype? It left him, one evening in September, standing on the podium in the G. Rollie White Coliseum, surveying the turnout for the season's first yell practice. The Fightin' Texas Aggie Band blared, and the 3,000-man cadet corps roared—and so did about 500 civilian students. "It's good to see so many civilians here tonight," Stallings intoned earnestly, the implication being that the civilian turnout in recent times had dwindled to almost nothing. Stallings speculates, on the one hand, that more coeds will bring A&M more stars, because at present many promising recruits cannot tolerate the thought of their virility going to waste in Aggieland. On the other hand, Stallings worries about inroads on tradition.

In the meantime, Aggieland officials are bearing down hard to interest civilians in Aggie Spirit, encouraging dormitory organizations and the like. On the surface, optimism prevails. One must hope the optimists are right, because what would Texas be without true Aggies? What would Aggie-baiters do without them?

In his alumni office one afternoon, Buck Weirus reached into his bookcase and brought out a book entitled *The Story of Texas A&M*, from which he read me an anecdote that smacked of apocrypha but is sworn to be fact. It seems that a sentimental old gent named Pinky Downs, who until his death held the title of official campus greeter, one day came upon a funeral procession in the town of Killeen, Texas and decided to join it. When the preacher inquired at the graveside if anyone cared to say a few last words for the deceased, the mourners stood silent.

"Well, then," piped Pinky Downs at last. "I'd like to say a few words about Texas A&M." END

BOOKTALK

Diggings from ancient Greece show how it was at the earliest Olympics

Every Olympic year produces a spate of books on the Games but, for the most part, such volumes are mainly concerned with the modern era. An exception this year is *Olympia, Gods, Artists, and Athletes* by Ludwig Orees (Frederick A. Praeger, $13.95, $17.50 after December 31), which goes back to the very beginning of Olympic competition.

Professor Orees, who teaches history at Aachen Teachers' Academy in Germany, has something refreshingly new to offer on a very old subject. His book is based on excavations conducted in Greece at the original Olympic site, diggings that have been going on sporadically but diligently ever since 1829. In that time the diggers have gathered enough evidence to give us a graphic, if not wholly complete, picture of the fields, gymnasiums, stadiums and temples of the city where the games were first played. Happily, Orees has chosen to tell his story, whenever possible, in the eyewitness accounts of poets and scholars who attended those early games. They describe vividly the throngs of spectators, the selection of judges, the training regimen of the athletes. Even as they do today, people traveled great distances to attend the games, and housing problems were common. "In order to find suitable accommodations or camping sites it was advisable to arrive in Olympia in the first few days of the festival month. At that time the whole of the surrounding countryside was literally strewn with shelters. But even so, if the influx of visitors was particularly heavy, many were obliged to make shift for themselves."

Despite a general opinion to the contrary, women (virgins, that is) were an important feature in the first games. An early account of foot races for girls by the Greek Pausanius sounds like a preview of our own miniskirted maidens. "They all run with their hair down their back, a short tunic reaching just below their knees and their right shoulder bare to the breasts." Foot races for girls were held to pay tribute to Hera, the goddess of fertility.

The boxing, wrestling and pankration (a combination of the two) matches must have been hard for the squeamish to watch, for they were savage combats that sometimes ended in the death of one contestant. For whatever consolation it was worth, however, a man who lost his life in a match was generally named the victor.

The Olympic Games inspired not only essayists but the best artists of their time, and this handsome book is replete with color plates and black-and-white reproductions of the statuary that has been unearthed at the site of the Games.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

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Swimming Ben, or How a New Nation Kept Afloat

But for a quirk of fate, one of the Declaration's most important signers might have turned into a London swimming teacher by MARY EVANS

Schoolchildren may remember Ben Franklin best as a somewhat incautious kiteflyer, journalists as founder of *The Saturday Evening Post*, mailmen as the first Postmaster General and romantically inclined historians as a diplomat with a fine flair for a Parisian boudoir. But sports fans, too, have a vested interest in America's first Renaissance man, for Franklin was not only all these other things but a superb swimmer as well—so good, in fact, that his skill at swimming very nearly submerged all his other talents.

Franklin learned to swim as a boy in Boston and kept it up throughout his life. On frequent trips across the Atlantic he amused himself and startled his fellow passengers by leaping overboard for a daily bath while his vessel surged ahead under full sail.

When Ben was in his 40s and living in Philadelphia on an estate washed by the Schuylkill River he swam for an hour or two every night, in his 60s as U.S. minister to France he swam with children of his friends in a pool on his estate, and in his 70s he wrote in his diary: "Went at noon to bathe in Martin's salt water hot-bath and, floating on my back, fell asleep and slept near an hour to my watch, without sinking or turning! A thing I never did before, and should hardly have thought possible."

Apart from lifting printers' blocks as a younger man and pacing furlongs in his room, swimming was the only exercise Franklin took, and it helped keep him vigorous almost to the end of his 84 years. He thought swimming, in addition to being pleasant and useful, was an excellent medicine. He recommended an hour or two of swimming in the evening to insure a cool sleep on the hottest nights. No wonder the English took to calling him the "Water-American."

Such faith in natation was quite unusual in Franklin's time. He himself acquired it as a boy when he got hold of a textbook on the sport by a French writer named Thevenot. The real problem in learning to swim, as Franklin saw it, was to get confidence in the power of water to support the body. The way to learn this, he decided, is to choose a place where the bottom drops very slowly. Walk out "coolly" until the water is up to your chest and then turn around, and, with your face to the shore, throw an egg into the water where you can see it but where you can't reach it without diving for it. Then plunge forward after the egg. You will see that it isn't easy to get under the water to the egg; you really have to work at it to force your way downward. That, said Franklin, should convince even the most skeptical that water is buoyant. At the same time, without even thinking about it, he will be learning how to stroke.

Swimming always brought out the inventiveness in Franklin's mind. When he was still just a boy he tried swimming with two oval palettes, each about 10 inches long, with thumbholes just like painters' palettes. Using these as paddles, he found he swam much faster but that they tired his wrists. He also anticipated present-day flippers with a kind of sandal for his feet but he had trouble adapting them to his stroke, and they didn't work out well.

Franklin's first experiments with kites were connected with swimming rather than electricity. One day, when he was playing with a kite near a pond, it occurred to him that the kite could just as well do his swimming for him. So he held onto the kite and let it tow him back and forth across the pond, which was about a mile wide. He never tried the trip himself but he thought it not im-

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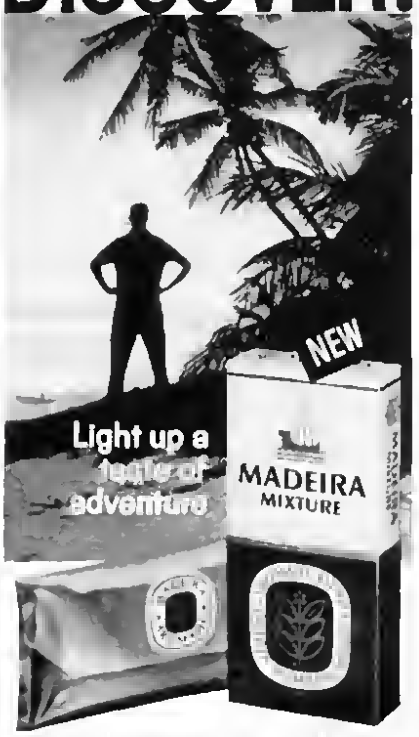
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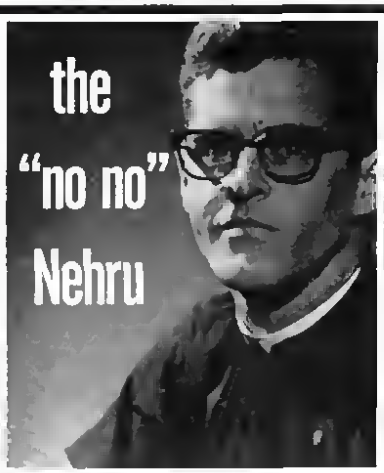
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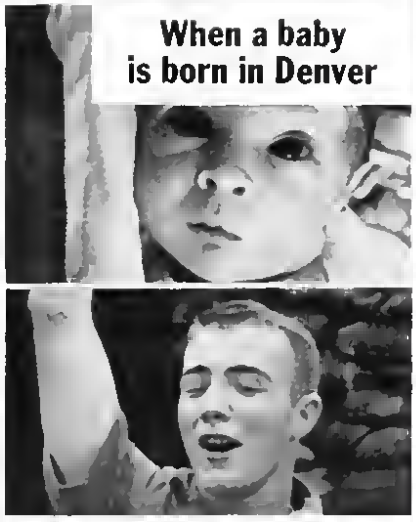
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possible to cross the English Channel in that manner from Dover to Calais, though he admitted "the packetboat would still be preferable."

Before Franklin was 20 he traveled to London in order to learn more about printing and bookselling in hopes of setting up his own business in Philadelphia. One of his fellow journeyman printers was a young man named Wygate whom Franklin taught to swim in only two lessons. Wygate was better educated than most printers and had a wide circle of friends among the gentry. A group of them invited the two young printers on an excursion by boat to Chelsea. Wygate boasted so of Franklin's swimming that everyone begged the American to show what he could do. Accordingly, he peeled off his clothes and jumped into the river, swimming some four miles from Chelsea to Blackfriars, all the way performing on and under the water the clever tricks he had mastered back in Boston.

Everyone was deeply impressed. Sir William Wyndham, former Chancellor of the Exchequer and friend of Swift and Bolingbroke, heard about Franklin's feats on the river as well as of his rapid teaching methods. He sent for Franklin and explained that he had two sons almost grown and about to be sent on their travels. He wanted them to be taught swimming by Franklin.

Franklin considered. Sir William was one of England's most distinguished men, and any association with him would be to Franklin's improvement and advantage. He was strongly tempted to stay. If he did he could make a great deal of money by opening a swimming school, since no one in London could begin to approach his mastery of the sport. On the other hand, Franklin had been promised a good job back in Philadelphia, the boat was soon to sail and Sir William's two sons were not due to arrive in London for some time.

Reluctantly, Franklin turned down the offer and went back home. Had the offer been made earlier, he often said, he probably would have accepted it, stayed on in London and become a swimming teacher. The science of natation, in that case, might have made prodigious advances, but, without Franklin's buoyant wit and wisdom, the future United States of America might well have sunk with scarcely a trace. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Eastern teams beat Western teams in nine of 14 games. CINCINNATI (8-2) retained its division lead by beating Chicago 110–104 on a 38-point third-quarter spurt. BALTIMORE (10-3) tied a club record with its sixth straight win, 109–107, over San Diego thanks to a last-second jump shot by Kevin Loughery. BOSTON (7-3) beat Milwaukee 98–97 on a Sam Jones jumper with 34 seconds left. DETROIT's (6-4) Dave Bing had 71 points in two games and sank seven straight baskets and two free throws in a 122–118 win over San Francisco. PHILADELPHIA (4-4) won its only game, while NEW YORK (5-9) beat Seattle and then lost three straight. Milwaukee (2-8) didn't win a game. LOS ANGELES (8-4) was the only Western team over .500, beating winless Phoenix (4-5) 127–109 on Elgin Baylor's 40 points, 14 rebounds and 12 assists. ATLANTA's (6-6) Lou Hudson scored 26 in the second half, 39 altogether, in a 113–106 win at San Francisco. SAN DIEGO (5-5) split four games, as did SAN FRANCISCO (5-7), which squeaked by the Knicks 94–93 on a Jeff Mullins jump shot with three seconds to go. CHICAGO (5-9) handed SEATTLE (4-10) its seventh loss in 10 games. The Sonics managed a 114–112 win at Boston on Bob Rule's 37 points, 18 in the last period.

ABA. OAKLAND (7-1) led the Western Division and set a league scoring record with 153 points in a win over Indiana. MINNESOTA (4-1) beat Indiana 121–120. Connie Hawkins scored 42 and the Pipers retained their Eastern lead. KENTUCKY's (5-4) red-hot Darel Carrier scored 48 points in his team's only win, 131–112 over Minnesota. NEW YORK (4-3) won two and moved into second place while MIAMI (3-3), which beat New Orleans 123–109 in the first regular-season ABA game ever played in Florida, slipped into fourth. INDIANA (2-7) won its second game, 112–107, at Los Angeles. NEW ORLEANS (4-3) rose to second in the West with spectacular 75% floor shooting in a 132–91 victory over winless HOUSTON (2-3). LOS ANGELES' (2-3) Steve Chubin scored 27 as the Stars beat Dallas 123–117 for their only win. DENVER (2-4) won two games and rose out of the West's cellar, beating the Pacers 109–107 in overtime. DALLAS (1-4) beat the Mavericks 128–96 for its first victory of the season.

BOXING—Argentina's OSCAR BONAVENA, *prepping* for a Dec. 10 heavyweight title bout with five-state champion Joe Frazier in Philadelphia, scored a first-round knockout over Jimmy Fletcher.

FOOTBALL—NFL. BALTIMORE (8-1) held on to its share of the Coastal Division lead by burying Detroit (3-5-1), with a varied offense, 27–10. Preston Pearson's eye-popping 102-yard kickoff return in the first quarter was the longest in the NFL this season. Terry Cole added a touchdown and Lou Michaels kicked two field goals. LOS ANGELES (8-1) stayed even with the Colts by edging Atlanta (1-8) 17–10. Ram Quarterback Roman Gabriel threw a 10-yard scoring pass to Jack Snow to break a 10–10 tie, after an intercepted pass and a fumble led to a Ram TD and field goal. CHICAGO (5-4) remained in a tie for first place in the Central Division with its fourth straight win, 27–19 over San Francisco (4-5), but there was little celebrating. Gale Sayers, the league's top rusher, injured his knee and won't play again this season. MINNESOTA (5-4) stayed abreast of Chicago with a 14–10 win over dying Green Bay (3-5-1). Defensive End Carl Eller blocked a 25-yard field goal attempt and Bill Brown clinched it with the winning touchdown. It was the first time since 1964 that any team has beaten Green Bay twice in one season. NEW YORK (6-3) climbed to within one game of Capitol Division leader Dallas (7-2) by beating the Cowboys 27–21. Fran Tarkenton threw two scoring passes, Pete Gogolak added two field goals and Spider Lockhart intercepted a pass with two minutes to play, icing the game. CLEVELAND (6-3) took over sole leadership of the Century Division with a 35–17 win over New Orleans (3-6) (*page 28*). Bill Nelsen passed for four touchdowns and Leroy Kelly scored three, rushing for more than 100 yards for the sixth time this year and the 16th time in his NFL career. ST. LOUIS (5-3-1) lost its share of the division lead by tying Pittsburgh (2-6-1) 28-28. The Cards nearly lost the game, but with less than a minute to play Johnny Roland scored from the one and Jim Bakken added a point. WASHINGTON (4-5) handed Philadelphia (0-9) its ninth straight loss, equaling an Eagle record set in 1940. Charlie Gogolak kicked three field goals.

AFL. KANSAS CITY (8-2) held a half-game lead in the Western Division after a seesaw 16–9 win at Cincinnati (2-8). On the verge of losing, the Chiefs rallied for 10 points in the final quarter with Robert Holmes scoring on a 27-yard dash to put the game away. SAN DIEGO (7-2) held on a half-game back, with a 27–17 win at Boston (3-6). Russ Smith ran for two touchdowns, John Hadl threw his 18th scoring pass of the season and Dennis Partee kicked a pair of field goals. Patriot Gino Cappelletti became the first AFL player to score 1,000 points. OAKLAND (7-2) stayed tied with the Chargers thanks to a 43–7 demolition of Denver (4-5). Elderly George Blanda, 41, passed for four touchdowns and kicked two field goals. His 94-yard pass play to Warren Wells was a Raider record. NEW YORK (7-2) got four field goals from Jim Turner in a 26–7 win over Houston (4-6), which virtually clinched the AFL Eastern title. Joe Namath didn't throw a touchdown pass for a sixth straight game, but he did set up two touchdowns and two field goals. MIAMI (3-5-1) moved into third with a 21–17 win at Buffalo (1-8-1). The Dolphins scored three times in the second half on a pass, a run and a pair of passes that set up a TD, all by Quarterback Bob Griese.

GOLF—With birdies on the 15th and 18th holes, LEE TREVINO won the $25,000 top prize in the Hawaiian Open at Honolulu by two strokes over George Archer (*page 26*).

HARNESS RACING—NEVELE PRIDE, trotting's Triple Crown winner, was retired for the remainder of the season because of a chipped bone in his left front leg, suffered in winning his 21st of 24 races this year, at Roosevelt Raceway.

HOCKEY—NHL. MONTREAL's (9-2-1) Bobby Rousseau scored three goals and had two assists in a 5–4 win over Pittsburgh, and the Canadiens held a three-point lead in the East Division. NEW YORK's (8-4) 2–1 win over Minnesota was its seventh straight over expansion teams. BOSTON (8-4) rose to tie the Rangers for second, partly because of a second-period, *four-goal explosion in a 5–3 victory over* winless CHICAGO (6-5). TORONTO (5-4-1) beat Minnesota 1–0, spoiling Coach John Muckler's debut. DETROIT's (5-5-1) 6–5 win over the Black Hawks came on the season's first goal for Bruce MacGregor. ST. LOUIS (6-6-1) moved into a two-point lead in the West Division, but Blues fans talked only of Forward Red Berenson. His six goals in an 8–0 win over the Flyers tied the record set by Detroit's Syd Howe in 1944. LOS ANGELES (5-5-1) held second place, and rookie Goalie Gerry Desjardins notched his first NHL shutout, 2–0 over the Rangers. PHILADELPHIA (4-7-2) Goalie Doug Favell also had a shutout, his first of the season, and the Flyers held third place. MINNESOTA's (4-8-1) Danny Grant came through with a hat trick to beat the Red Wings 6–4. It was his team's first win in eight tries with Eastern teams this season. OAKLAND (3-7-2) was winless. PITTSBURGH (2-8-2) beat the Seals 3–1, but lost three others and stayed in the West's cellar.

HORSE RACING—GALLANT BLOOM ($5.80) took the lead at the three-quarter pole and held on to win the $183,570 Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park by 1¼ lengths over Shuvee.

TENNIS—ROY EMERSON beat Rod Laver 9-7, 6-4, 6-4 to win the men's singles in the first South American Open tournament at Buenos Aires.

The U.S. Davis Cup team beat India 4-1 in San Juan, P.R., to qualify for the Challenge Round in Adelaide on Dec. 26-28 (*page 90*).

MILEPOSTS—HONORED. DENNY McLAIN, Detroit's 31-game winner, unanimous choice for Most Valuable Player award, becoming the first American League pitcher to win both the MVP and the Cy Young awards.

DIED. Vern (Junior) Stephens, 48, a 15-year *major league veteran with a .333 average in six All* Star games, of a heart attack in Long Beach, Calif. Stephens played for four major league clubs, had his best years as a shortstop with the Red Sox.

DIED. Willis O. Hunter, 76, athletic director at USC from 1925 to 1957, at Altadena, Calif. Hunter was appointed A.D. after being backfield coach, and during his tenure Howard Jones produced the famed "Thundering Herd" Trojan football teams.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



JOANNA BLACKMAN of Kendall, Fla., a tennis player for only three years, won the junior veterans women's singles in the Cape Coral Invitational tournament. She is ranked No. 10 in the junior veteran age classification by the Florida Lawn Tennis Association.



EDDIE BYRGE, senior halfback for Huntsville (Tenn.) High School, scored 76 points for a state record in a 102–13 victory. He had 11 touchdowns and 10 extra points, and rushed for 430 yards in 24 tries. Byrge hasn't gained less than 148 yards in any game this year.



BEVERLY ORTNER, 30, of Galva, Iowa, with a three-game total of 818, is *the first woman* to roll an 800 series approved by the Woman's International Bowling Congress. It was her third WIBC record. Miss Ortner bowls on the only women's team in a 16-team league.



BILL DOEZEMA, 30, a social worker from Grand Rapids, Mich., shot a double eagle on the 530-yard, par 5 16th hole at the Palmar Park course—the culmination of 16 years of golf for Doezema, who usually scores in the high 70s. Ironically, on this day he shot an 80.



KAREN CLASS, 11, of Fallston, Md., led a field of 20 in the novice class at the National Jousting Championships in Washington, D.C. Though the youngest in her class, she has been riding nine years and jousting five, and has won 17 trophies in this knightly sport.



CHRIS HAINES, 17, of College, Alaska, broke by more than 40 minutes the record he set last year in the boys' division of the University of Alaska's sixth annual Equinox Marathon. Haines finished second in the overall field, covering the 26-mile, 385-yard trail in 3:18:18.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PEAKS AND PITFALLS

Sirs

I wish to commend you for printing the article *A Debt was Paid Off in Tears* (Nov 11) by Dr Roger Bannister. Like Dr Bannister and countless others, I was quite irate that the Olympics were being held in Mexico City, and I grew even more so while watching the effects of the altitude on the athletes

It is about time the International Olympic Committee recognized the fact that the Olympic Games are held for, and, in fact, are made up of, the competing athletes. It seems to me that Mr Brundage and the IOC have come to regard the athlete as just another aspect of the "Olympic Games Spectacle." This became painfully evident with the decision to allow only seven athletes from each nation to march in the closing ceremony.

JERRY BUTTS

New York City

BEARDS AND BEARS

Sirs:

As a booster of California athletics, as a student and as an alumnus, I was happy to see your recognition of a fine Golden Bear football team (*Beards Are Cooled but the Bears Are Hot*, Nov 4) While entertaining, however, Alfred Wright's article failed to accomplish its apparent goal of dispelling the fallacy that Cal is all beatnik, hippie or yippie. Having been active in student-government affairs during the Free Speech Movement, which gave the school its ill-deserved label, I can assure you that most Cal students are normal.

Regardless of the team's record, the Berkeley faithful have trudged up the hill to the stadium to witness the color when the football fortunes were low. May I remind you and the readers that Cal still has the best halftime show of all. Berkeley claims to be the first to originate card stunts and has the largest and finest display anywhere; and The Pride of California, the band, is also superlative Both are sponsored by the Associated Students, not the university

Supergov may be heartened by the football success, but never to the extent that loyal students and alumni are.

CARL D JACOBS

Miami

Sirs:

Perhaps if Alfred Wright (Max Rafferty's nom de plume?) spent less time in the barbershop getting his crew cut trimmed and more time investigating the truth, he would be more of a journalist and less of a propagandist Here at Berkeley some of us "beards" are proud of our fine football team. However, we are prouder that our values are such that education and social consciousness come first

MICHAEL FENENAOCK

Berkeley, Calif

Sirs:

I don't mind Mr Wright's faulty and misguided views of the campus political scene After all, everyone takes his pokes at Berkeley But why such inept coverage of the team? It would seem, following SI's enlightening series on racism in sports, that Cal's problems and solutions would have been of definite interest Mr Wright passes over them lightly It took a walkout by the black squad members the week before the annual spring intersquad scrimmage to bring the problems into the open Black protests against lack of communication and understanding and the stacking of blacks against each other at certain positions were among the grievances presented to Coach Willsey From this boycott came the hiring of Mr Erby as an assistant coach and the shifting of Paul Williams to flanker and Gary Fowler to tailback This not only eliminated the stacking of Williams and Bob Darby at one position, but provided in Flanker Williams the first game-breaking threat Cal has seen in many a year The tailback combination of Fowler and Darby scored nine touchdowns in seven games.

And why did Mr Wright choose to emphasize the futility of the Syracuse team rather than Cal's success? No mention was made of the fact that Cal was leading the nation in defense, giving up only 5.6 points per game, while later in this same issue defense in college football is pronounced dead. Cal wins with defense We may not have the greatest athletes, but every one of them hits hard Ask Syracuse Ask UCLA.

JIM HOLSTEIN

Berkeley, Calif.

KICKS

Sirs

Jan Stenerud is certainly an excellent field-goal kicker, as Pat Putnam pointed out (*Big Kick out of a Strange Game*, Nov. 4). However, let us not forget Ted Gerela of the British Columbia Lions. In a Canadian Football League contest on Nov 2 against Saskatchewan, he booted his 29th and 30th field goals of the season to break the professional record that was held by Pete Gogolak and Bruce Gossett.

Throughout the season Gerela hit with amazing distance and accuracy, frequently from more than 50 yards out So there is a strong-legged one up here, as well

TOM ANDERSON

Beaconsfield, Que.

Sirs

Pat Putnam is the first reporter to give Jan Stenerud the glory he deserves. Jan Stenerud is by far the greatest field-goal kicker there ever was I'm now waiting for him to kick a 60- or 65-yard field goal With a threat like him, the Chiefs are a sure bet to win the AFL and, possibly, to take the Super Bowl. Just think how great he would be if he knew what he was doing!

MIKE MCKUNE

Peoria, Ill.

JOCULAR JOCKS

Sirs:

Telling it like it is usually has a serious connotation, but in his article *Life in a Jack Hause* (Oct. 28) Joe Jares told it like it was and said it funnier than anything I have read this year

Hilarious things happen to all of us every waking day of our lives, but we're always so preoccupied with our trivial anxieties that we don't even stop to smile, much less laugh Some guys just seem to have total recall of the funny things that happen in their lives Joe Jares is obviously one of this talented group

I don't know what SI's circulation is, but I'll bet a couple of hundred thousand ex-ballplayers and military men saw their old buddies personified in some of Jares' vivid descriptions I know that I did, and it was fun.

JACK KELLY

Pompton Plains, N J

HAWK IN HAND

Sirs:

I would like to commend Gary Ronberg for his excellent article on Jim Pappin (*Pappin Paps 'Em in for the Black Hawks*, Nov 4) Hawk General Manager Tommy Ivan made a great move when he secured Pappin from Imlach's Maple Leafs. The Hawks badly needed a hustling, fast-skating, fast-shooting center and, after seeing him play in person and on all the games the Black Hawks televise, I am positive they have filled their need. As of this writing, the Hawks have six players in the top 10 in the NHL scoring race.

DEAN SHERIDAN

Wheeling, Ill.

VOICE FOR THE WILDERNESS

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Bil Gilbert for the outstanding story entitled *The Old Swimmin'-Hole* (Oct 21). Thank you for pointing out to the public the complacent, buck-passing attitude that pervades a portion of our populace on matters of air- and water-pollution control.

May your article open the eyes and minds of the multitudes, arouse them to meaningful action and shame the offenders into indemnifying the nation for their flagrant destruction of our precious and vital resources.

ROBERT NITRIO

Menlo Park, Calif

Sirs:

I read with great interest the beautifully done piece by Bil Gilbert. He documented most effectively the kind of tragic course that we seem to be following in this country.

I do want to call attention to one small technical mistake. In discussing the bacterial count and correctly pointing to it as an index of pollution, Mr. Gilbert repeatedly used the word "colloform," whereas the correct term is "coliform." The standard technique in evaluating pollution is to measure the number of *E. coli*—the ubiquitous Gram-negative bacterium that inhabits the human gastrointestinal tract.

This is a small matter that I'm sure would provoke a response only on the part of a "sometime" physician.

ROBERT J. GLASER, M.D.
Acting President
Stanford University

Stanford, Calif.

NOMINATIONS

Sirs:

SI has a unique opportunity to enlarge its (and the world's) concept of "sportsman" by presenting the coveted Sportsman of the Year award to David Wingate of cahow fame (*There Are Problems when Man Plays God*, Nov. 4).

The criterion of the "big year" (and who would want to decide whether McLain's or Gibson's was bigger?) hardly seems sufficient when compared with the far-reaching consequences of the ideas and efforts of such ecologists as Mr. Wingate. Furthermore, the big year has the unfortunate tendency of degenerating into merely a big day or even a lucky moment. On the other hand, the persistent efforts of Mr. Wingate have a way of transcending the present.

The cahow may be a "silly bird," but if SI could help establish it as the human race's equivalent of the miner's canary, the magazine would be joining Mr. Wingate in recognizing the greatest competition it is possible to engage in—the survival of the species. After all, isn't the current Department of the Interior conservation yearbook entitled *Man . An Endangered Species?*

JOHN T. LAVIA

College Park, Md.

Sirs:

I am writing to second the nomination of Lieut. Arthur Ashe for the Sportsman of the Year award. He certainly fulfills the ideals of your award. His achievement in

continued

THE 8 AM DEADLINE. HOW TO LIVE WITH IT.

We'll assume you've read the book, made a few notes and have an idea of what you want to say. Now to put it on paper.

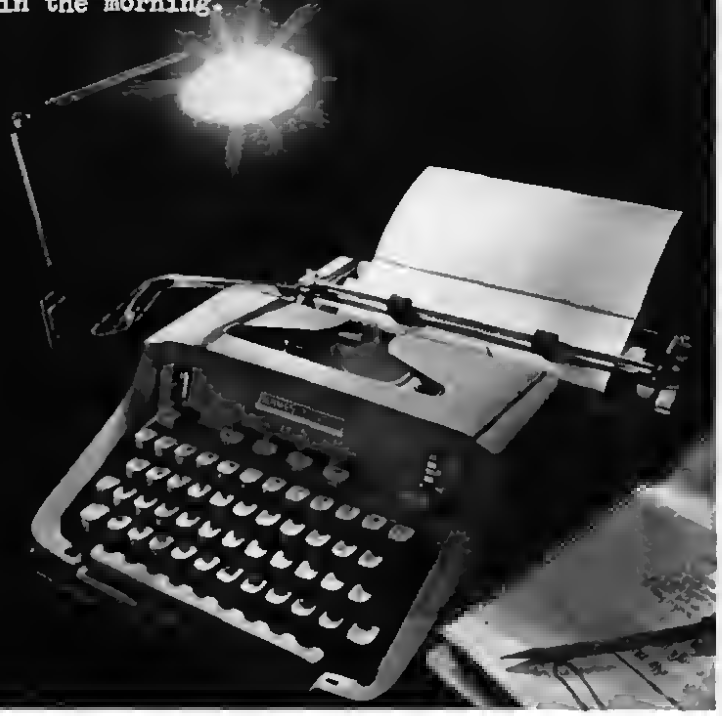
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winning the first U.S. Open Championship as an amateur is unparalleled in tennis but, more important, Arthur Ashe is not only a credit to tennis and his family, he is a credit to America and the human race.

DONALD L. OELL
Captain
U.S. Davis Cup team

Washington

Sirs:

My nomination for Sportsman of the Year? Who else but George Foreman, boxer supreme and American superb!

OON J. HADLEY

Plymouth, Mich

Sirs:

In your deliberations regarding the Sportsman of the Year I hope that you will not overlook Coach Robert (Pappy) Gault and the U.S. Olympic boxing team. In marked contrast with our 200-meter sprinters, these men proved that they knew how gloves should be used. More important, their conduct was exemplary in victory and in defeat, which sometimes resulted from baffling officiating. The magnificent performance of this group would appear to be the embodiment of the Olympic ideal.

OON KEENE

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I strongly urge the naming of Coach Hank Iba as Sportsman of the Year for his tremendous Olympic effort. Or honor the entire U.S. Olympic basketball team, whose members represent the best of sportmanship and Olympic tradition.

ROGER ROGET

Dallas

Sirs:

I nominate the former Miss Vera Caslavska as Sportswoman of the Year. Her beauty, grace and charm put her in a class by herself in the gymnastics competition. She performed exercises that few, if any, men could match and totally captivated the audiences. The whole spirit of Czechoslovakia could be summarized by her performance.

RICO OORFMAN

Kenosha, Wis.

Sirs:

Sergeant Clyde Bradford Braughton Jr. should be the Sportsman of the Year. When he died in action in Vietnam on Jan. 31, he left his $10,000 Government insurance policy to the athletic department of Amelia (Ohio) High School. Since he graduated in 1966, he must have been no older than 20 when he died. It is odd that I have not seen this story in a national publication.

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The whole matter started with Jacob Beam—who would be 200 years old this year—and a secret he discovered.

The secret, in the case of Jim Beam Bourbon, goes back to 1795, and it is still hush-hush today. The secret lay in the heart of Kentucky where there was, and is today, the right combination for pleasure. The right land. The right climate: the perfect Bourbon formula.

In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and he added his own special ingredient: pride.

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The pride of this first Beam distiller bas been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON — Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

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JIM BEAM BOURBON— MAKING NEWS SINCE 1795

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There's the ancient, underlying limestone springs that supply sweet, clear water—a vital ingredient in the making of fine Bourbon.

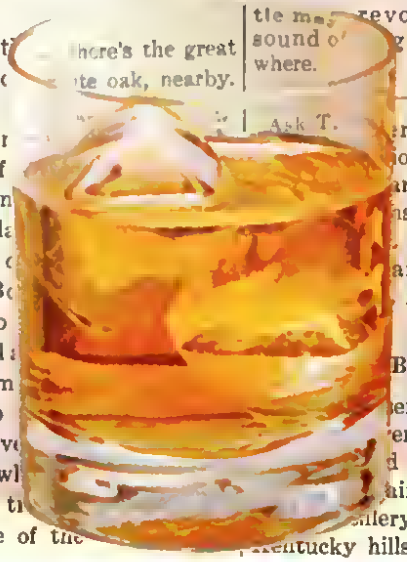
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In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

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